The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XVIII JULY, 1931 No. 7

"THE PIONEER WOMAN"
From a Statue by Herman A. McNeil

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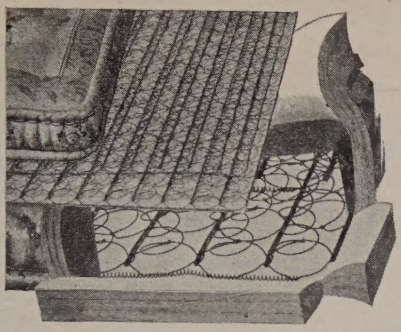

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 18 July, 1931 No. 7

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Home Influence

By A. E. Bennion

THERE are many boys, yes, and even girls too, who have at some time in their lives tried smoking just once, more out of curiosity perhaps than anything else just to see what it was like.

Fortunately once usually proved more than enough as nature retaliated by refusing to retain the unaccustomed nicotine.

"Well if this makes me as sick as this, I thought," confessed one young man to his mother in after years when he had become an outstanding figure in athletics "smoking is not good for me." When at college in the East he wrote, "You know, Mother, I am out in the world among many fine men whose standards are different from those ideals of the Latter-day Saints. I have been taken to the gilded palace of vice when it would have been easy to have taken a smoke, a drink, or done even worse, but I felt my father's presence beside me, the strength and purity of his soul reaching out from the other side to shield that same strength and purity of his son." On another occasion he said to her, "Mother, the more I mix with other men, the more I am convinced what a good man my father was. To me he is like an angel, a little less than a god."

Another young man of the same family seemed to have a natural liking for tobacco. In his business which required him to ride alone at night, tired and often worried, he found a cigar rather soothing and was slowly but surely acquiring a habit which soon might become almost impossible to break. One day when his mother was visiting him he lit a cigar and began smoking. "My son," she said in astonishment, "is that what you've come to?" He looked confused and abashed, giving the usual lame excuses. "Well," she said, "what about your children? How can you teach them that a Prophet of the Lord has said that tobacco is not for the body and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle. Are you making yourself a fit teacher for them?" He threw his cigar away. He has a large family now and although he is still fond of the odor of tobacco, his early training and the pride and love of his parents who had given him the torch to carry on have prevented him from returning to the habit.

Institutions cannot take the place of the home with the child. Even foster parents are better than these. Auxiliary associations help and do untold good but at best they only supplement. The theme of the White House Conference seemed to be all the way through "Back to the Home—a home for every child and that love and security which a home provides."

—Keystone Photo Service, All Year Club Photo.

FANTASTIC TREE OF THE DESERT

Strange is the Joshua tree of the desert.

This tree is one of the most characteristic growths of the desert section of southern California. Its fantastically weird formation casts strange shadows on the shifting sands of the western country.

The Joshua Tree was named by the Mormons and is the hoary old man of the desert—one of the sixteen species of the yucca family.

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVIII JULY, 1931 No. 7

The Constitution—Past and Present Attacks

By Judge Oscar W. McConkie

THE Lord is mindful of His children and moves mysteriously in bringing about His purposes for their advancement. The coming forth of the Constitution was a part of His plan and strangely enough the quarrels of Maryland and Virginia drove the opening wedge. They sought agreement effecting the navigation of adjacent waters. A conference followed, out of which sprang new hope for a better understanding between all the States. Economic and political problems sorely oppressed them. Their impoverishment, however, did not extend to the patriotic, courageous, or intellectual plane of Colonial citizenry. Indeed, although progress, since that day defies the imagination, eclipses human comprehension, motives have not improved, truer patriotism has not been found, nor has human intellect conceived a nobler design.

As to the relative greatness of the delegates among whom were Washington and Franklin, I make no attempt at comparison, but probably the foremost comprehending political student and man of political tact and vision amongst them was James Madison. He it was who drafted the constitution as it was presented to the convention and probably had more to do with making it what it is than any other man. He was affectionately recognized as "the father of the Constitution." It was he who proposed that an assembly of delegates from all the States meet at Annapolis. Only five States responded but their delegates embalmed their memories by adopting a resolution drafted by Alexander Hamilton, "to take into consideration the situation of the United States, to devise such further provisions as should appear to them necessary to render the Constitution of the Federal Government adequate to the exigencies of the Union."

A League of Mutual Protection had been formed, to which each Colony sent two commissioners. Sons of Liberty organizations sprung up promiscuously. The Stamp Act was an issue and public sentiment had become inflamed. The Declaration of Independence and the Revolution were natural sequences. Years of difficulty had prepared the public mind for radical governmental departure but it was not ready for the Constitution. Although unorganized the Colonists were independent governments, and even though they suspended like broken parts of a nest which each disturbing breeze threat-

ened the more, yet clung they to their segregated independence. The Articles of Confederation with no centrally empowered executive or central means or method of unified Colonial enforcement had failed. To them the Colonists but passively subscribed. Commerce was definitely uncertain. Disputes continued unsettled. The war debt hovered over them like a dark cloud and actual anarchy was threatening. Their freedom, wrenched from tyranny by the sword, was gravely endangered. Appeals were made to the Governor of the universe, whose all seeing eye followed them. The new republic's ordained destiny was hidden, but a few strong willed, courageous and faithful men pushed ever onward. The Maryland and Virginia discord was transformed into opportunity and the hour struck for the birth of a new governmental order. At this state of affairs the thread of communication between our fathers and the Throne of Grace was lighted to surpassing brilliance, the brightness of which was one day to encircle the western hemisphere in rays of protective light.

FOR four months fifty-five delegates, for that was the number who wrote the Constitution of the United States, earnestly devoted themselves. In patriotic purpose, in moral and mental powers supported by wide experience, they were the most admirably equipped body of statesmen that modern times had seen. Their accomplishments surpassed human effort. Most of them had served as governors, members of Congress, or military commanders. Two of them became presidents of the United States, one a Vice-President, others foreign ministers, senators, cabinet officers, and supreme court judges.

The convention was first in order on May 25, 1787, when Governor Randolph of Virginia presented to it Madison's draft, the "Virginia Plan." It was a radical departure from the Articles of Confederation, providing for a complete change of government and proposing a federal union with legislative, executive, and judicial co-ordinate departments. The small states struck back with the "New Jersey Plan," which was little more than an offer to amend the Articles of Confederation. After many modifications the first prevailed but not until certain failure had several times seemed imminent. Sectional interests made agreement difficult, improbable in fact, until compromise settlements were effected. It was agreed that the Congress should be composed of representatives of the people while the Senate should be made up of representatives of the States. The question of slavery had threatened the convention with certain dissolution but the delegates agreed that three-fifths of the slaves should be counted in determining Congressional representation, although the question was not actually settled without Civil War and blood-shed three quarters of a century later. Commercial and agricultural sectional differences created a third paramount disturbance which also touched slavery. Could it be solved? New York's delegates had gone home and the South threatened to withdraw. Massachusetts wavered. Delegates stroked their chins questioningly, but patience, faith and goodly purpose were rewarded. New light filtered through the dismal atmosphere and the South agreed that, except as to export taxes, Congress should control commerce and the North consented to leave African slave trade open until 1808. Providential de-

sign had triumphed. But many problems remained yet unsolved. The powers, duties, and relationships of the Executive, the Legislative, and the Judicial departments of the government, including the Supreme Court, must be prescribed, as well as the tenure of office fixed. Not until September 17, 1787, was harmonious agreement reached, at which time the document was signed by the delegates.

AMERICANS affirm and foreigners agree that our Constitution is unparalleled by any human document, that it ranks above all documents of its kind. It created a federal-national government without historic precedence, admirably combining national strength with individual liberty, as well as striking a fine balance between state and national rights. Unlike Grecian statesmen our fathers saw the need of union, and unlike Roman leadership they avoided the possible tyrannies of it. For the first time in human governments a balance was struck between national strength and individual liberty in such manner as to secure the advantages of both. The wisdom of the ages as expressed in human conduct, oral tradition, written charters, constitutions, and governmental organizations, contributed to it. It was the culmination of centuries of institutional growth, transformed into an American plan. Of it Gladstone has said: "The American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," while Bryce declared: "It ranks above every other written constitution for the intrinsic excellence of its scheme, its adaption to the circumstances of the people; the simplicity, brevity, and the precision of its language, its judicious mixture of definiteness in principle with elasticity in details," and that "America was the first great nation in history to solve the greatest of all governmental problems,—to blend Nationality and Democracy in perpetual wedlock under one government, in such proportion as to secure the benefits of both; to protect local self-government by the mighty arm of a great nation, which is strong enough to perpetuate its own existence."

BUT its adoption meant the wresting of highly prized powers from sovereign States and giving them to the national government, upon which policy the people looked askance. The proposed innovation of re-organizing the government into legislative, executive, and judicial co-ordinate departments, of making the citizen rather than the State amenable to national law, of giving to the central government the exclusive right to coin money, wage war, treat with foreign powers, lay tariffs, etc., of vesting in the Supreme Court the authority to interpret the Constitution and to empower it with the unprecedented right of passing upon the constitutionality of legislative enactments, were so radical departures from established institutions that approximately one-half of the colonists found themselves in active opposition. But its sound basis won the confidence of the people and the new government became a haven of peace for mankind's oppressed, in which Europeans blended into a great American nation, occupying a wider area than any other nation that spoke a single tongue and enjoyed universal institutions. No where else was manhood suffrage so nearly complete, free schools so general, religious liberty so bounteously bestowed and the equality between states so definitely established. Of

it Washington aptly summarized: "The pivots upon which the whole machinery must move are, first, the general Government is not invested with more powers than are indispensably necessary to perform the function of a good Government; and, second, that these powers are so distributed among the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Branches into which the general Government is arranged, that it can never be in danger of degenerating into a Monarchy, an Oligarchy, an Aristocracy, or any other despotic or oppressive form, so long as there shall remain any virtue in the Body of the People." Again, to those who would temporize to please, he had answered: "If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterwards defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God."

THE command had thundered from Sinai: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Upon liberty happiness depends, to attain which participation in government is prerequisite. So, in the Constitution, with the Bill of Rights attached, divinely ordained and unalienable gifts appear, given to man through the natural process of inspired human agency. Notwithstanding it embodied man's highest fundamental rights, and unfolded before every citizen the protection of the whole government, a turbulent population wavered and hesitated. But the result was inevitable. The philosophy of divine right to rule in civil affairs was tumbling and upon its ashes, 'ere the flames of its burning licked up the last vesture of it, was hoisted the doctrine that as to life, liberty, and happiness, all men are created equal.

AMONGST those valiant men who brought forth the Constitution was John Marshall. Political award had made him Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Against waves of attack he stood like a stone barrier. His master mind and keen judicial insight were supported by an honest and courageous conviction. So completely did his faculties coordinate that he fastened upon the Constitution an interpretation that preserved it. He devoted his powers first to its formation, then to its adoption and finally to its preservation. It is a coincident that on July 8, 1835, when his hand was stilled and the nation mourned his going, Liberty Bell, while tolling at his passing, like a great heart broken in joint adventure, cracked and like his pen, was stilled.

HUMAN experiences and intelligences grade over so wide a range that uniformity of thought or philosophy can scarcely be expected. Discontent with things as they are is so widespread and so many people are willing to temporize "to please" or for political or financial advantage that greater numbers support attack. The age is one of fascism, of communism, of dictatorship, of overthrowing established institutions, when representative government is challenged and threatened. Competition in experiments is widespread. Governments have fallen and strange ideas have fastened themselves upon the hearts of the people of the world. Since 1870 a dozen nations, representing more than a third of the earth's population, have overthrown their monarchial governments. Millions are restless. Respect for established institutions no longer checks the surg-

ing masses. The hour is insecure. The nations tremble like the sea in the presence of threatened storm. But we see only the shaking surface. The milling waters beneath are hidden from our view. What shall the end be? "The event is in the hand of God."

BUT other enemies await us. Other hideous monsters have grown so large as to threaten the security of the government. At the moment crime tears ruthlessly at the very vitals of our civilization. In September, 1929, the North American Review stated that one man, Al. Capone, in 1926, collected $70,000,000 through Chicago vice organization and that in 1928 he spent $30,000,000 for protection. It is asserted that during his rise and rule there were 4,000 homicides in the city, and that for every one of its men, women and children $45.00 annually, or a gross sum of $136,000,000 is paid to rackets. Of Chicago's 366 murders in 1926 but 70 were convicted and 8 executed. In 1927 only 87 of 379 were convicted and 3 executed, while out of 399 murders in 1928 there were no executions and but 77 convictions. The regular price of murder in Chicago, it is said, is $50.00 to $10,000.00, depending on the prominence of the victim. The force of the gangster is everywhere. If he is caught a defense fund of unlimited proportions awaits the trial and not infrequently witnesses, jurors, and judges are bought. In the United States, during eight recent years, homicides increased 64%, population considered insurance company losses through embezzlement increased 1000% in ten years, while similarly burglary losses for the same period increased 1100%. Crime costs the United States approximately three times the annual receipts of the government itself, and although in this country a million persons are annually committed to penal institutions we must look beyond enforcement officers for the preservation and enforcement of law. Officers can not enforce the law. They can do little more than quiet outbreaks and apprehend and care for persons who have already committed offense. Enforcement must come from the people themselves through obedience to law, if for no other reason than because it is the law. Obviously the government can not station a guard at every man's door. The state must operate on the theory that the people will themselves enforce the law by personal obedience.

ORIGINALLY opposition to the Constitution was argumentative, by conversion. Failing in that, resort was had to congress and the courts. Then came a new age and with it new methods. What could be more effective than to break down the moral ideals of the people, to destroy faith, to deny God, to trample in the dust the institution of prayer, to laugh at virtue, to kill hope, to add foreign and degenerate philosophy, to organize and commercialize crime? Therein danger awaits. Dark clouds are gathering and if the people of America do not turn the tide then what power shall stop impending storm?

THE Latter-day Saints affirm and in testimony declare that the Constitution was established under inspiration of the Almighty. Their people unitedly pledge their full powers to its preservation. They acclaim it as a guarantee of "just and holy principles." They teach that disobedience to it is offensive to God and continuously, through teaching and moral suasion endeavor to develop wholesome respect and

intelligent and patriotic conformity to it. Like Moses in the wilderness they hold it up as he displayed the brazen serpent, that all who will may look and live. But it is the people who must look. The view of wise leadership will not preserve us or our institutions if we do not ourselves look. Its shelter carries responsibility. To be a son of the American Republic is not a light thing. If we would preserve the liberties that we now enjoy, the institutions that our fathers nurtured and preserved, it must be through obedience to law, by turning our faces toward God and the Constitution which He so benevolently inspired.

The Morning of the World

By Frank Steele

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON, scholar, writer and lecturer, had something significant to say recently about that much-discussed subject of religion. Surveying the achievements of science and their relationship with religion this great English observer said: "The organic thing called religion has in fact the organs that take hold on life. Man has taken to himself again his own weapons: will and worship and reason and the vision of the plan in things, and we are once more in the morning of the world, and whatever be the truth about mammals and monkeys that is the exact truth about the survival of present-day religion: it is surviving because nothing else can survive."

"The morning of the world." How suggestive is this of the noble words of another great thinker and writer, Parley P. Pratt, who in contemplating the outpouring of truth in these modern times exclaimed:

> The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
> Lo, Zion's standard is unfurled;
> The dawning of a brighter day
> Majestic rises on the world.

The world, like the Prodigal, has grown weary of its materialism. Again quoting Chesterton, it has found that only spiritual things survive. The Prodigal discovering only disillusionment and remorse at the end of his mad quest for pleasure and riches, came to himself and turned again to his father. Likewise, the world in the past year or more has found that "treasures on earth" can be swept away over night and that the morning brings its regrets. Humbled, men are turning to the Father, are seeking once more the security of their spiritual home and through the whole experience of the war and the years of readjustment following, including the economic crisis from which the world is now gradually emerging, there shines the vision of a marked religious revival.

Julius Raskob, the financier and economist, realising this deeper, sounder need said not long ago: "Our materialism has broken down and we need spiritual bases on which to rest our lives."

THE centennial year of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was anticipated with the keenest of interest by the members of the church. It was the hope, the expectation of many that it would be a year marked by some special manifestation of God's favor to the Church, a year of revelation, of spiritual uplift. The centennial

was an occasion of signal thanksgiving, rejoicing and blessing to the people, but the year also brought a financial panic probably unparalleled in the economic history of America. During this stress period few escaped. Fortunes were swept away as one stock collapse followed another. Men rated as independent saw their life's savings vanish. Farmers and ranchers met a decline in the price of their products that spelled disaster. Scores of salaried men were thrown out of employment while others saw their incomes cut down as employers hastened to "cover up" by curtailing all along the line.

In this confusion a new spirit was born. Out of the chaos grew a realization of the paramount value and worth of spiritual things and we are wondering now as we look backward if this financial collapse, during the year of centennial celebration, was not a blessing, if perchance it was not a means of bringing us closer to God.

A stake president said recently: "We are experiencing hard times it is true, but they are making us more humble, better Latter-day Saints. We note a revival of interest in every department of our stake work."

In this return to God, and to spiritual values, a movement not confined to our own faith, men are looking out upon the world with more charity, with more of Christ and less of creed. There is more tolerance; less bigotry. Men's sympathies and horizons are enlarging as the bigger Christianity is revealed. The Latter-day Saints are becoming better known. And bitterness is uprooted when the fidelity and Christian character of our people become apparent. We are mixing more with the world; the days of our isolation are gone. The cooperative spirit is gaining ground. The leaven of the Gospel is being disseminated through personal ministry and contact, by means of the spoken word, and also by that strange natural force harnessed by science and quite properly utilized by the church—the radio. Never has there been such a world-wide flood of Christian teaching and the major note is that sounded by our own church in its broad but no less decisive proclamation of the fuller Gospel.

While this new status brings with it new problems and new responsibilities to which the church will have to address itself, it is significant of the times, of that gradual but persisting trend toward the Golden Age of the world when peace and goodwill shall prevail in the hearts of men everywhere.

This reviving interest in spiritual matters is an answer to those noisy propagandists who seem to take sinister delight in predicting the decay of institutionalized religion and its ultimate downfall. But this is not all. We have additional reason for believing that Chesterton is right and Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes is wrong when he talks about the "Twilight of Christianity." We have also good reason for believing Chesterton's analaysis of contemporary thought is more trustworthy than that of E. Boyd Barrett who in a recent article paints the following gloomy picture:

> "The churches are for the most part intellectually bankrupt and spiritually decadent. There is no light upon the horizon. And, as far as we know, no Prophet hides in the desert eating locusts and wild honey, the while he prepares his soul to deliver a saving message to men.
>
> "There lies immediately before us a period of pagan orgies and debauch. The mystery of mysteries is too baffling for our tired minds. For the wisest among us there remains the privilege of gloom

and sadness—also, perhaps, the dream of resurgent hope in the distant future."

Our answer to this dismal forecast is that from another quarter is coming added strength to our faith. Science, long looked upon as the foe of religion, is taking a hand as the ally of the Christian faith in its fight against the materialism and atheism of the day. It was the late Sir J. W. Dawson, president of McGill University at Montreal, a great philosopher and a great man, who said: "I know nothing of the origin of man, except what I am told in the Scriptures—that God created man. I do not know anything more than that, and I do not know of any man who does."

The distinguished American scientist, Dr. Millikan, is representative of an increasing group of sincere and honest thinkers who see no conflict between true science and that religious conception which rises above narrow dogmatism and denominationalism. "Science has laid the foundation for a new and a stupendous advance in men's conception of God, for a sublimer view of the world and of man's place and destiny in it." He affirms that religion is one of the world's supremest needs, and one of the greatest contributions any one can make to world progress will consist in furnishing an example to the world of how the religious life can evolve intelligently, wholesomely, inspiringly and reverently, completely divorced from all superstition and all unwholesome emotionalism."

Be Not Too Tired, Mother

By Linnie Fisher Robinson

The day and its splendor of colors is gone,
Close veiled by the velvety darkness.
The winds of the night creep softly by,
Rustling the leaves 'neath the kildeer's cry,
While the lamps of the hearth are lighted.
Wee little birds are hushed and abed
'Till morn and the sunshiny glory.
Mother's wee tots are all washed and fed,
Eagerly waiting the gift of a story;
Be not too tired, Mother!

What shall you tell them, though fed, they are hungry;
Hungry for light, though day has far gone.
Each little soul's hungry for beauty,
Each little pulse for manly deeds done;
Each child wants a wee bit of heaven.
Give them truths that eternally glow;
Let each look at life through a window
Unwarped and clean, for so they shall grow,
Crooked or straight by the strength of thy story;
Be not too tired, Mother!

A Beloved Woman

By Ruth Moody Ostegar and Delia Moody Bates

IT WAS a difficult lesson that was being recited that cold day many winters ago at the B. Y. A. Student after student arose only to meet the discouraging thunder of the professor: "Wrong! Sit down."

His patience finally exhausted by the poor preparation of the class, the teacher sternly glanced about the room.

"Is there one student in this class," he challenged, "who can state the answer to that question correctly?"

Then there arose a tall, homely, country girl. She was clad in ill-fitting clothes; she was a bit timid; but she knew the answer, and knew she knew it. Once upon her feet, however, timidity and the professorial scowl got the better of her so that she jumbled her words until the instructor again roared: "Wrong! Sit down."

Fire flashed in the eye of the girl —fire and determination. She jumped again to her feet.

"Then I'll *get* it right!" she vowed. And she did. The next time she recited to the entire approval of her professor.

This splendid spirit of determination to do a thing just as it should be done, to triumph over all obstacles, has been in evidence during the entire lifetime of Sarah Blake Moody, recently passed to her reward. She had a loftly ideal of one's duty to his fellow-man, and performed it in a singularly inspired manner.

SARAH BLAKE was the third of the twelve children born to those splendid pioneers, William and Mary Blake. Father Blake, a man of great integrity, and a staunch Mormon, was Bishop of his Ward.

The girl's youth was a hard one, for to her, the eldest girl, fell the

SARAH BLAKE MOODY

task to which eldest daughters are forever set apart, that of caring for the younger ones.

"I was a homely girl," she often confessed, "homely and awkward, and with large feet. I was always self-conscious until I grew up and studied dressmaking. For, while mother was a master hand at dressing little boys, she despaired of her efforts to sew for her girls.

"The dress just doesn't look right," she would say shaking her head, "but I don't know how to make it right."

But if Sarah was homely as a girl, well may we ponder the growth of beauty in her soul that effected the astonishing metamorphosis in her physical self, for in later years of her life she was considered a beautiful woman, noble of countenance, lovely of eye, poised in her bearing.

Upon completion of her elementary schooling, Sarah entered the B. Y. A. Here she began in earnest a struggle for education which lasted all her life. When, after her death, we tenderly lifted one by one the note books, the journals, the loose sheets of manuscript from "Mother's Box," which, during her life was always sacred to her eyes alone, we were amazed at the mass of material before us. There were notes on reading, on lectures, on her own thoughts; page upon page of comprehensive indexed notes. Here was a woman in whom the period of seminary instruction was only a beginning of education; who all her life sought ravenously to obtain the treasures of knowledge that are man's heritage in this day and age.

Upon being graduated from the B. Y. A. at the age of seventeen, she taught her first school in the little mountain town of Elkhorn. She loved teaching, and eventually abandoned dressmaking as a profession to continue teaching, in Heber, and elsewhere.

IT was the merest of whims, she said, which caused her to go suddenly to Arizona, where one of her brothers had already migrated. As a teacher of Pima, Arizona, she met the county school superintendent, Wm. A. Moody, who was later to fulfill that part of her patriarchial blessing which promised: "Thou shalt be blessed with a choice husband, in whom thou shalt delight."

This young man had just returned from a Samoan mission, where he had lost a young wife. He had a four-year-old daughter who had been born on the islands. An immediate and reciprocal interest sprang up between him and Miss Blake, which culminated in a marriage in the Salt Lake Temple on May 17, 1899.

By marrying this young man she had elected to remain and pioneer a rough country, rather than return to more settled Utah. She lived in a tiny lumber dwelling in Solomonville. All about were the adobe huts of Mexicans, interspersed with a sprinkling of small houses occupied by Americans. Just a step or two from her door the mesquite and chapparel stretched away for miles and miles. During the day the heat was intense and the dust bothersome. But always at sundown, the crickets, tiny troubadors of the night, sang their faint lay to heaven.

Later the family moved to Thatcher, prospered, and had a home which was a delight to her, keenly sensitive to beauty as she always was.

One by one the babies came to the home, and the dining table expanded board by board until presently ten cheery faces gathered about three times a day for mother's delicious meals.

During the seventeen years that she had made her home in Thatcher, she was in turn ward president of the Y. L. M. I. A., stake president of the same organization, and finally stake president of the Relief Society.

"I bless thee with wisdom," her patriarchial blessing had promised her. "Thou shalt be a wise counselor to thy sex." And again: "The love of truth shall dwell in thee as a fountain of pure water * * *

thy mind shall overflow with truth to give light to many."

Wise beyond her years, she had long heart-to-heart talks with girls and women. Her understanding heart and keen sympathy won for her the general love and respect of those about her. All came with their troubles—the motherless girl, the girl who had done wrong, the girl away from home, the mother who was having a hard time with her daughter. She helped them all.

BUT never was she so busy with her church work as to neglect her family, for she might have been crowned "Mother Laureate" so nearly was she the perfect mother. When she sensed that a child was perplexed, she called him to her, and just discussed the matter in a sympathetic, loving manner, until the child's stuffy thoughts were ventilated, and he could come to a clear conclusion as to what was right *of his own reasoning*. She said, "Give a child ideals, teach him what is right, then place the responsibility upon him. Teach him that he will have to suffer for his own sins. You cannot live your child's life for him. You can only teach him, and stand by when he needs you."

She was also alert to even the slightest neglect on the part of the children of their father, being just as loyal to her husband as to her children.

"What spoils many a home," she averred, "is that the woman is all mother and not enough wife." This attitude accounts, in part, for statements so often made that theirs was an ideal marriage.

When, in 1907, Bishop Moody was called to preside over the Samoan Mission, he was forced to leave Sister Moody with a number of small children. But whether she had to cope with measles, bills, or adolescent girls, during the three years of his absence, she didn't complain.

UPON her husband's return, the pair were appointed to act as superintendent and matron of the Arizona Industrial School for boys and girls. Out of this experience grew her firm conviction that prevention is so much better than cure with regard to young folk. A wilfully broken home, she felt, was a direct sin against the helpless child, and in many cases responsible for his falling into iniquity.

It was during this period that she lost her eldest son, for whom she had waited and prayed whilst four girls were born. This parting with her small son in a sudden and tragic manner was a great blow. This is how she met it:

"I had a great love for my boy, but he doesn't need it now. I shall not let that great love go to waste, but shall give it to these unfortunate children of the Reform School, who so need help and guidance to make of themselves useful, happy men and women."

In 1920 the family moved to Phoenix, Arizona. Another move, some years later, took them to San Diego, California. In both these places Sister Moody was given an opportunity to serve, being president of the Y. L. M. I. A. in Phoenix, and president of the Relief Society in San Diego.

HER daughters had now begun to marry and leave her. So one by one, there were stored again in the closet, the boards of the dining table, until it shrank to its original size and accommodated but four persons.

Comparatively free of home ties, she deliberately chose to cultivate

her mind, rather than to waste her hours at card parties or in idle gossiping. She enrolled at night school in literary classes, and wrote articles and stories, a number of which have appeared in church magazines from time to time. She was a firm believer in "plain living and high thinking," and had no time for the pursuits of restless society women.

The discipline she had always imposed upon herself had given her a strong self-control and a serene outlook on life. Envy, self-pity, vanity, and other weaknesses common to many of her sex had small hold upon her. She was a splendidly well-balanced woman. Even the heart trouble which confined her to bed for many weeks, and ultimately caused her death, was triumphed over by her splendid bravery.

Her last days—happy days indeed, except for the illness—were spent at Berkeley, California. Here she was first counselor to the president of San Francisco Stake Relief Society. This was the first time in the twenty-five years of her public service, civic as well as religious, that she had been other than president of an organization.

Shortly before the end, which came on April 25, 1930, she made the following statement:

"I can go better than any one else in the family. I have figured it out. It is best." In the last great test, she didn't falter.

"Feed my sheep," saith the Master. This command she took particularly to herself during her lifetime. Always she was to be found cheering, counseling, succoring those in need. We can be sure that the sustenance she gave His "sheep"—sustenance both of spirit and mind—was unadulterated, nourishing, and free from tare or darnel.

And we who loved her most, as mother, wife, teacher, sister, associate, or friend, jealously press these memories of her to our hearts in hallowed memoriam of a noble woman and a great spirit.

Love Song

By Winona F. Thomas

With you, I think of moon-light and of roses;
Of silver canyons, lighted by the moon;
Of jagged peaks, and lakes in hidden valleys;
Of flowery hills, beneath the skies of June.

I seem to find you in the crimson sun-set.
Each red leaf floating down's a memory.
In the silhouettes of pine-trees on the sky-line
A token of affection I can see.

You've even cast your spell on all the song-birds
And taught the wind to sing of love to me.
The silver brook that dances down its channel,
A glad and glorious love-song seems to be.

With you I always feel the calm of evening,
When a crescent moon is sinking in the west.
And in your arms, protected, I will find, dear,
The sweet content a child knows, when at rest.

Lucy Doney Parkinson

By Ann Parkinson Nibley

SISTER LUCY DONEY PARKINSON, widow of President George C. Parkinson, died at her home in the Hillcrest Apartments, Salt Lake City, on May 2d, 1931. Born on March 28th, 1861, at Franklin, Idaho, she had just passed her 70th birthday.

Sister Parkinson's well rounded life was filled with activities and accomplishments in Church work and social service. At the age of twenty she was chosen President of the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association of the Franklin Ward, which position she held until made

LUCY DONEY PARKINSON

President a short time later of the Primary Associations of the Oneida Stake, following which she served for twelve years in the Stake Presidency of the Relief Society of the same Stake.

The parents of Sister Parkinson were John and Ann Temperance Doney, who joined the Church at Devenport, Devonshire, England and in 1856, crossed the ocean to America in the sailing ship "Samuel Curling" enroute to Salt Lake Valley. Upon their arrival at Iowa City in the States the Doneys were selected among others to cross the plains in the first handcart company of pioneers, arriving in Salt Lake Valley on September 26th, 1856. The hardships and sufferings of this first handcart company are a matter of church history. The journey was commenced with 266 souls, seven of whom died and were buried on the plains. Except in cases of severe illness, men, women and children walked the entire distance of 1300 miles and pulled their rudely constructed handcarts containing their entire earthly possessions.

Six weeks after commencing the trip Sister Doney gave birth to a daughter, Mrs. Robert G. Lowe of Franklin, Idaho, who is living today, and who has the distinction of being the only child born in this company. During the voyage across the ocean Sister Doney's baby daughter Ann Temperance was stricken with whooping cough and after a day and night on the train out of Boston, the baby died. The train halted long enough at Toledo, Ohio, for her to be buried. Upon the day of Sister Lowe's birth, her Mother walked and took her turn in pulling the handcart, having walked twenty miles on the day of her baby's birth. For ten days thereafter the baby and Mother were permitted to ride in one of the two covered wagons in the party, which was loaded with food and supplies, and thereafter for about a week she rode in a handcart pulled by her husband, after which she walked the remaining distance to Salt Lake Valley. Immediately before and after her baby's birth the Mother waded numerous streams and rivers and continued the march from day to day without opportunity even to dry her clothing until camp was made at night. She would carry her baby in her apron to protect it from becoming wet in crossing streams and from being scratched by brush and brambles.

Upon their arrival in Utah the Doneys first made their home at Payson, where they resided until the spring of 1860, at which time they joined a party of Saints in the colonization of what is now North Cache Valley in Idaho. On April 13th, 1860, with twelve other families they established camp on the site of the present city of Franklin, Idaho, which was the first white settlement in the State, and in recognition of which the Idaho State Legislature later designated June 15th of each year as "Idaho Day," a State holiday.

It was here among these primitive and pioneer conditions that Sister Lucy was born within the walls of the rudely constructed Fort in which the colony lived until the spring of 1864, and it was here that her days of girlhood and young womanhood were spent. One of the first structures erected within the Fort was a school house and meeting house, constructed of logs, and which was the first school house, and in it was held the first school, in the State of Idaho. Sister Parkinson first attended school there, and in later years, after having completed

a course at the newly established Brigham Young College at Logan, she taught school in the old log school house at Franklin.

On April 14th, 1881, Sister Lucy married her girlhood sweetheart, George C. Parkinson, a son of one of the original thirteen families of Franklin. The marriage ceremony was performed at the Endowment House in Salt Lake City by Elder Daniel H. Wells, and on the same day Brother Parkinson departed for a mission to the Southern States and to England. During his absence his wife continued her school teaching at Logan. Upon his return the young couple established their home at Franklin where they remained until 1894, at which time they removed to Preston, Idaho. Prior to this time, in April, 1884, Brother Parkinson was chosen as Counselor to the President of the Oneida Stake, and on August 27th, 1887, was appointed President of the same Stake which position he held for the following twenty-five years.

At Preston, President and Sister Parkinson erected one of the most beautiful homes in the State, where they reared their family of eight. All who visited this home know the sweet and gentle spirit of family love, devotion, and companionship which prevailed in it and know that the spirit of the Gospel was exemplified in their daily family life as in few other homes. Sister Parkinson was a woman of rare charm, culture and refinement, a devoted wife and mother as well as a wise and capable adviser and counselor to her husband. As a homemaker she set an enviable example to be followed by all the community about her.

Until the family removed to Salt Lake City in 1912 the Parkinson home at Preston was headquarters for all the General Authorities of the Church as well as the officials of the auxiliary organizations of the Church on their visits to the Idaho stake. The welcome and generous hospitality thus provided by Brother and Sister Parkinson during this period, requiring the almost continuous keeping of "open house" for large groups of Church workers and officials, was a service of love and devotion to their religion which will ever be remembered by those whose church activities called them to this North country.

It was during this time that Sister Parkinson served twelve years in the Presidency of the Oneida Stake Relief Society. The early years of this period were before the advent of the automobile, when frequently it required a week or more to make a return trip to an outlying Ward or Branch by horse and buggy. Sister Parkinson and her associates in the Presidency would make these trips in good and bad weather and at times over almost impassable roads. No conference or church meeting which they were to attend was ever postponed on account of their failure to make the trip, regardless of the difficulties encountered, although on one occasion after a particularly difficult trip in bad weather their horse died in the harness within one mile of the meeting house. They were compelled to walk into the village in order not to miss the meeting. They did their own driving, frequently having to camp in the open euroute, on which occasions they were compelled to feed and attend to their horse or horses and harness and unharness them.

It was also during this period that many of the Stakes and Wards sent representatives to Salt Lake City to pursue a course of study in nursing and obstetrics under Doctor Margaret C. Roberts. Sister Parkinson

availed herself of this opportunity and attended these classes for a year. Upon returning to her home, in addition to her other church duties, she was called upon constantly for advice and in the giving of her personal services in this field of endeavor to the needy members of her Stake.

In September, 1912, President and Sister Parkinson resigned from their Stake duties and with their family moved to Salt Lake City. Here President Parkinson passed away on July 6th, 1920. Sister Parkinson maintained the family home in Salt Lake City until her death, but the impaired condition of her health did not permit the same active participation in Church activities as during the former years in Idaho. She was able, however, to contribute largely of her time and means in a work which she greatly loved and which really was nearest her heart, —the redemption of her sacred dead. To the limit of her strength she spent her time in the Temple and employed others to assist her. It was her accomplished wish to build up a family fund so that this work might go on after her death.

During her later years she suffered from a severe heart affliction, but her courage, fortitude and patience and her cheerfulness and unquestioning faith remained with her to the end. Her noble, gentle and unselfish character shone ont brightly through all her intense suffering. Never was she heard to utter a word of complaint or despondency during her long illness. Her large family, whose homes and temporary interests were scattered in remote parts of the country, could be found frequently together at her bedside. Her last admonition to her children gathered about her deathbed was for them to faithfully live and observe the principles of the Gospel and to find joy in well doing.

Sister Parkinson's children, all of whom survive her, are: George D. Parkinson, Salt Lake City; Mrs. Preston Nibley, Santa Monica, California; Major J. Leo Parkinson, U. S. Army, Manila, Philippine Islands; Mrs. Richard W. Young, Jr., Berkeley, California; Major Parley D. Parkinson, U. S. Army, Salt Lake City; Mrs. W. Creed Haymond, Salt Lake City; Mrs. O. Walter Larson, Los Angeles, California, and Mrs. Walter H. Rolapp, Los Angeles, California.

At her funeral, held at the 18th Ward Chapel in Salt Lake City, President C. W. Nibley said in the course of his remarks, "I know of no one in all my acquaintance who can measure up so fully to a perfect life, in my opinion, as this, our beloved Sister."

Night

By the late Margaret P. Bingham

Night and faint lights quiver,
Night and the day is done,
Night and lights on the river,
With the setting of the sun.

Night and the stars are falling,
Night and the children roam,
Night and God still calling
Scattered Israel home.

Night and the wheat ungathered,
Night and the tares grown strong,
Night and the storm unweathered
On the mighty seat of wrong.

Night and the bridegroom coming,
Night and the virgins wait,
Night and a herald running,
Crying aloud: "Too late!"

A Fine Stroke of Art

By Minnie I. Hodapp

AS far back as the day when the poor, blind boy of Hussaker's outraged the traffic law by shoving old man Lazurlee off the river bridge the Lazurlees had been a community problem in Winopau. 'Tis true that the "Jolly Stitchers" and "The Friendship League" helped them from time to time in their dire need; but in spite of the succor of these organizations, the name Lazurlee still remained a synonym for poverty, dirt, and rags.

"That woman doesn't know how to manage and won't learn," was the usual comment given behind the back of the faded little woman who, like a fluttering, frightened bird, mothered the five happy-go-lucky Lazurlees.

"Not a lick of pride in the whole worthless gang," was a common observation.

"Half-wits, the whole outfit from Laz down to Rue," screamed Sue Simons in her garrulous way. "You ought to see Laz beat his pony over the head."

In spite of these unpleasant generalizations concerning her nearest neighbor, Anne Robins resolved to be governed by her admirations rather than her disgusts, she being one of those rare souls who improve themselves today and their friends tomorrow. To her mind, the Lazurlees were outstanding as docile, non-protesting creatures of circumstance. They tolerated screens hanging half-off their hinges, doors with missing knobs, broken windows stuffed with dresses and old shirts. They permitted—aye—encouraged the muddy foot prints of puppies over their bare floors. Little pigs ran loose in their front door-yard, rooting up the garden. Their back yard, up to the very door-step was strewn with the legs of dead sheep and calves.

The more Anne witnessed the filth and carelessness of her slattern neighbors, the more vigilantly did she stress tidiness on her own premises. This was apparent to the most casual observer, and the two homes side by side looked like a study in contrast.

"Mamma, why can't I go over and play with little Lloyd?" asked four year old Dee.

"Because Dee, we're too busy weeding our own garden," responded prudent Anne.

"But Spotty keeps running over to their place," he answered in a pout.

"Go and bring Spotty. We must train him to stay at home."

As Anne bent over her pansy bed under the front windows, she was startled by a loud noise against the pane. She drew herself erect and met Dee's laughing eyes.

"It's only little Lloyd shootin' at our window," explained Dee.

"But suppose he'd have broken the pane?"

"Why then, Mamma, we'd stuff up the hole with my little shirt, wouldn't we?"

"Where's Spotty?" exclaimed Anne changing the subject abruptly.

"I'll go and fetch him," said Dee, and he presently vanished through the hedge that divided the two homes.

Half an hour later, in the gathering dusk, Dee came home riving

the air with his screams. He had a blackened eye, a bloody nose, and a cut lip to show for his visit.

"Lloyd went and knocked me down," he cried.

"Well, I told you to hurry home," responded his mother.

"But you know I went to fetch Spotty."

"Tomorrow we shall tie Spotty," said his mother firmly.

Dee closed his eyes sadly that night, mentally picturing a forlorn little doggie tied to the maple tree in the front yard.

As soon as Dee was sound asleep, his mother slipped over to Mrs. Lazurlee. She meant to learn the details of Dee's bumps and bruises and nip this neighborly naughtiness in the bud.

A faded little woman in a faded pink house-dress opened the door with, "Sakes alive, Mrs. Robins. I didn't expect seein' you here this time a night."

"I don't get over very often," responded Anne quietly.

"Why, land no, Mrs. Robins. This is only the second time you've entered my door, and it's four years come next May since we moved here."

"Is that right?" asked Anne. Her eyes took in the gloomy corners of the room, for the chimney of the kerosene lamp on the table was sooty.

Anne tried not to seem to notice that the cane-bottom had been pushed out of the chair Mrs. Lazurlee offered her.

Hardly had Anne seated herself when she heard groans and sobs issuing from the couch near the window.

"Anybody sick, Mrs. Lazurlee?"

"Not exactly," drawled the mother, "Lloyd was runnin' 'round the hay-stack one direction while your boy was runnin' 'round t'other. The two collided and knocked heads. It loosened three or four of Lloyd's teeth was all."

Anne stepped over to the couch and very gently examined Lloyd's mouth.

"Dee's head is awfully hard," said Lloyd.

"It's a shame you have to suffer for it," said Anne sympathetically. Then turning to his mother, "Shall I call a dentist?"

"No need of that," spoke up Mrs. Lazurlee. "He'll be all right in a day or two. Besides, if it's anyone's turn to see a dentist in this family it ought to be myself. It's purty nigh three years since I had all my teeth pulled out."

Anne took in Mrs. Lazurlee's mouth condition almost at a glance. It seemed really pitiful.

"You've waited a long time, Mrs. Lazurlee."

"I'll say so," she sing-songed. "I've come nigh to bruisin' my patience. The trouble is, I can't rake up enough coin to get a set of teeth."

"There's a free dental clinic," suggested Anne.

"Free!" ejaculated Mrs. Lazurlee.

"Yes, Mrs. Lazurlee, without charge. May I call up Dr. Daynes and make the arrangement?"

"Sakes alive, be ye goin' to see about me gettin' false teeth, and fer nothin'?"

"I'm sure it can be arranged, Mrs. Lazurlee," explained Anne quietly.

"O Honey, now yer just tellin' me things," beamed Mrs. Lazurlee.

"May I make arrangements with Dr. Daynes?" asked Anne.

"Yes, Honey, go ahead, Honey."

Lloyd stopped groaning and sat up in bed.

"What you dancin' around so for, Ma, and laughin' and clappin' your hands?"

"Sakes alive, Lloyd, I'm goin' ter have new teeth."

II

THE new and uncommonly beautiful smile worn by Mrs. Lazurlee amply repaid the dental clinic for their free and generous service.

"Her mouth is so full of teeth she can hardly talk," said Dee. "But, Mamma, why does she squint her eyes so funny?"

"She needs glasses, Dee, and soon she'll have them," explained his Mamma. "Dr. Neff is working on her case right now."

"And as soon as she gets glasses, Mamma, what then?"

"Why, then she's goin' to do plain sewin' for folks that need her. She's real handy. And that reminds me, Dee, you may take these flour-sacks over for her to hem. Tell her I want to be the first on her sewing list."

"It's a big load of sewin' I'm bringin' you," exclaimed little Dee as he entered the Lazurlee door. In the middle of the room he paused dead-still to gaze and wonder.

Two men were carrying off the sewing machine right in front of Mrs. Lazurlee's eyes.

"I'll sic Spotty onto them, Mrs. Lazurlee, if you'll let me. Why are they taking away your sewing machine? Now you can't hem towels for my Mamma."

But before the men had loaded the machine into the truck, Mrs. Robins was at the gate making gentle entreaty for the little woman in the faded pink dress.

"If it's only seven dollars she lacks on the machine I believe I can take care of that," said Anne. "You had better leave the machine, gentlemen; I'll go and write a check for that amount." Quiet Mrs. Robins soon returned with a little pink slip that meant so much to Mrs. Lazurlee.

"How can I ever repay you, Honey? Oh, I wish I could this very day, this very minute."

"Well, perhaps you can."

Mrs. Lazurlee's face brightened. "What you mean to say, Honey."

"Would you be willing to part with some of the worn-out farm machinery back of your house?"

"You mean the broken-down mower and that rusty plough?"

"Yes, and those wagon wheels and the dilapidated cook-stove," finished Anne.

"You kin have 'em and welcome."

"I'd also like those pans and kettles and grates and pails and lids and stove pipes gathered into a heap. May I?"

"Welcome! And there's an old copper boiler, burnt out at the bottom and smashed in at the sides. You can have that into the bargain."

"Very well," responded Anne. "Can you get all these smaller things gathered together by three o'clock?"

"We'll do our darndest," said the little mother enthusiastically.

Such raking, such picking up, such gathering of bones and rags and bottles and tins as went on in that yard during the forenoon? Every scrap of rubbish was piled onto an old bed spring, according to Mrs. Robin's judicious orders.

Promptly at three p. m. the junk-man came all smiles. What precious haul it was for him! He not only cleared the scrap-heap, but he supplied rubbish-cans for future needs—wise and enterprising junk-man. One wonders if Anne Robins had not dropped him a hint in her ever-so-tactful manner.

As the junk-man drove off, the

youngest of the Lazurlees was heard to exclaim, "Gee! Don't our back yard look lonesome?"

"Is that all the pay you want, Honey?" asked gleeful Mrs. Lazurlee.

"Only one thing more," replied Anne. "I hate to be imposing, but would Laz be good enough to paint the roof of my garage?"

"Oh, boy! Bet your sweet life I will," replied Laz, with alacrity of heart as well as lips.

Early next morning Laz was seen on top of the Robins' garage eagerly engaged in his new task. The paint brush in his hand was the magic wand that stirred the boy's latent talent of handicraft. Amateur though he was, Laz took a pride in his work; and during that forenoon, a budding young artisan was born, as aspirations are born into this hustling, busy world of ours.

"I only wish that job could last," said he as he added the finishing touches to the roof at mid-afternoon.

"Why not apply to Dr. Dewy across the river?" suggested Anne. "I've heard him say that his entire garage needs going over. You might go and ask him about it. Tell him you've had experience on one roof at least."

So Laz hastened off toward the Dewy place. Nearing the river he was startled by a shrill shriek that came from amid the wild-roses and willows. Laz bounded into the inclosure.

"Catch me, oh catch me," screamed a pleading voice.

On the middle of a narrow plank that bridged the stream at its deepest, stood an old, old lady frantic with fear.

Laz ran toward the frail little lady, picked her up in his arms, and carried her trembling body safely to the other side of the river.

"You've saved my life," repeated she. "Right in the middle of the plank I took a dizzy spell. Another moment and I should have lost my balance."

"I'm glad I happened along before you tumbled in," said Laz laughingly.

"You've saved my life,' repeated wee Grandma Willis in all seriousness, placing her thin, wrinkled hand in Laz's big brown one. "Now name your reward."

"Reward, you say?" and Laz's cheeks reddened more with pleasurable excitement. He did not move a finger, but sat open-mouthed, open-eyed, staring at the calmly flowing waters. When at length he made as if to speak, words failed him.

"Tell me what you'd like better than anything in the world," entreated the wee Grandmother.

"Wal," said Laz in drawling phrase, "I could tell you this very minute, but I can't calculate it out. I'm kinda slow on figures and I can't say."

Grandma Willis began to look alarmed. "Calculate what?" asked she. This strangely untalkative youth was a puzzle to her.

"Wall," drawled Laz, "will you furnish me enough paint to cover the outside of our house? That's the biggest reward I can name."

"It's granted," said wee Grandma Willis in relieved and happy tone. "Come, take me to your home, let me have a good look at the house and I'll calculate the cost."

Anxious to fulfill her agreement to the letter, Grandma Willis called Anne Robins to her aid. Anne was quite experienced and gave exact caluculation for the amount of paint needed for walls, cornice, and roof.

"I'm glad their foundation is so

fine and strong," observed Grandma Willis. "It won't seem like wasting money to improve such a place. Come, Anne, will you 'phone to the paint company? I should like to see this boy Laz start on his project this very week."

With her usual dispatch Anne attended promptly to the request of Grandma Willis.

Laz decided upon gray with white borders, "Just like your house, Mrs. Robins," said the boy.

Within a week Anne heard the neighbors commenting on "that enterprising Lazurlee lad undertaking to paint his mother's house." By the end of the week their admiration had increased tenfold, for the finished product quite outran their expectations.

"Mamma, their house looks exactly like ours," remarked little Dee.

When the outside of the house was finished, Laz with a remnant of white paint, began on the shelves in the kitchen. When Grandma Willis heard of his zeal, she generously supplied enough paint to do the entire kitchen and enough varnish for the chairs.

"Gee, it smells clean over to Lazurlee's," said Dee after one of his excursions over to "fetch" Spotty. "And they won't let any little dog in their house, not even Spotty, to mark up the floors. And their windows—not a fly-speck on 'em now. Laz won't stand fer it. I heard him tellin' Lloyd to keep his sticky hand off the window or it might get slapped. And I heard a secret too, from Rue," finished Dee in triumph.

"Is that so? Whoever told Rue a secret?" whispered his Mamma.

"Wee Grandma Willis," whispered Dee into his mother's ear.

"Well then it must be a first-rate secret if Grandma Willis told it."

"Fire! Fire!" screamed a boy in the streets. Anne looked out of the window. The Lazurlee kitchen roof in flames.

"Mercy on us," screamed Anne Robins bounding into the street.

"I've already 'phoned for the fire department," said Sue Simons.

Laz, on the roof, was working like a hero, his distress was as plain as circus-print.

Men and women waited impatiently for the fire department. A thrill of joy went through the throng as it neared. A few minutes of skillful work with the great hose until the flames were extinguished and the excitement subsided.

The slowly-dispersing crowd left Grandma Willis standing alone on the sidewalk gazing upward at Laz on the roof. Anne ran to her with outstretched arms. The frail little body was trembling from head to foot.

"Oh, Anne, I'm glad—so glad that house didn't go up in flames. It's going to be my home in a few weeks."

"Your home!" said Anne in mild surprise. "I can't quite understand.

"I mean I'm tired boarding at the hotel, and I intend changing my residence into a family of folk who need me."

"But Grandma, this move is quite unexpected in you. Do you believe you can learn to tolerate the many irregularities of a family like the Lazurlees?"

"Irregularities! I'm hungry for 'em! Sick of cut-and-dried routine; tired to death of thus-and-so; cravin' change and chaos," and she laughed the blithe, silver laughter of a girl.

"And you've really made up your mind?"

"Yes, I've made up my mind. My fifty dollars per month may as well

go to the ultra-needy as to the wealthy. Besides—in those cheery, patient little Lazurlee kiddies I may find support—something to love, to lean upon, to clasp affection's tendrils 'round!"

That afternoon Sue Simons came with "news" to Anne Robins.

"Do you know the latest, Anne?"

"About what?" asked prudent Anne.

"Grandma Willis. That lofty-thinking old soul has made up her mind to move in with that Lazurlee tribe," and she shrugged her shoulders in contempt.

"A jewel of a woman," observed prudent Anne.

"A jewel out of her proper setting when she'll link up with that outfit."

Anne mused thoughtfully ere she replied: "Grandma Willis is, as you say, a rare soul. She's developed a lot of tolerance with the years. Her knowledge of human nature, her sympathy, her love of art—these things will help out."

"But, Anne, Anne," shrieked Sue. "Them Lazurlees—a hiss and a by-word! You know as well as I do. A hiss and a by-word!" and Sue fairly writhed in disgust.

"May I remind you," ever so gently rejoined Anne in her softest whisper, "of One who said, 'The whole need not a physician but they that are sick'."

A faint tap at the door. A moment more and wee Grandma Willis stood before them. A note of triumph was in her tone as she said, "Well, Anne, I've moved. We're neighbors now, for good."

Sue Simons gaspel in astonishment, but said not a word.

"And now, Anne, dear," continued Grandma, "Won't you come over and help me hang my pictures?"

"May I come, too?" asked Sue Simons meekly.

With the aid of these two willing women, Grandma's fine art-treasures were hung to advantage. "The Dance of the Nymphs" over the mantle, "The Children of the Shell" near the window, and the lovely "Sistine Madonna" over the bed. Grandma reserved her cherished "Apple Blossoms" for her dresser.

Grain fields and Mt. Timpanogos by Utah artists were placed in the dining room.

"And what about this fine picture by Hoffman?" asked Sue innocently. "Where does it go?"

"Why, that one is for Laz's room," directed Grandma. "He'll take more joy in it than all of us put together."

At this point Anne excused herself and hurried home. She soon returned rosy and breathless, bearing a beautiful fern for Grandma's room. Its delicate presence brought comfort and delight.

Sue Simons, not to be outdone by Anne, ran home and returned drawing a little express wagon filled with red-blooming geraniums for Grandma's front window.

The entire neighborhood caught the spirit of these good women, and many a pleasant engagement with Grandma Willis was arranged.

"You simply must let me lend you my wicker-rocker," said Mrs. Tarbell.

"And please, oh, please let me hang my large mirror in your room for this winter," begged Jane Henri.

Mrs. Pearson, the blind weaver, sent a gift of small rugs to protect Grandma Willis' finer rug.

But the biggest surprise of all was when Mr. Stowe installed electric lights in the Lazurlee home and had the house insured against fire.

"You're worth it a thousand times over, Grandma Willis," said Mr. Stowe. "Besides, it's only a slight return for all the kindness you've heaped upon me. I've been awaiting my opportunity, but as long as you remained in the hotel your wants seemed supplied."

"'Tis sweet to be remembered," beamed Grandma cordially.

To the little Lazurlees clustering near, Mr. Stowe said, "You'd better be good kiddies to wee Grandma Willis. She deserves to have her pathway bloom with roses."

"That's what I tell 'em," spoke up their mother. (She was alert to Grandma's every wish.) How systematically she went over her entire house, rubbing it down and polishing it up, until it became veritably a house of smiles. Even the most hurried passer-by seemed to admire the geraniums through the bright windows.

To the little Lazurlees the routine of life became an attractive all-absorbing lesson. They took pains to brush their teeth, clean their finger nails, polish their shoes. Even their hair, through unremitting care, took on a silken luster pleasing to the touch. They closed doors without banging, and softened their voices into almost musical tones.

Good Fortune smiled upon Laz in the shape of an apprentice job with the Jamison Paper Company. In addition to being taught and trained in handicraft he was promised a small, steadily-rising wage.

"He's a different boy," said Sue Simons. "More considerate and kind."

"I believe he's been reading and thinking along good lines," observed Anne Robins.

"Likely so," answered Sue. "I noticed after Grandma Willis got through readin' that book on kindness to animals he quit beatin' his horse over the head."

Anne laughed softly to herself as she pondered on Sue's various sympathetic reactions.

"I wonder what she'll find out next?" quoth Anne to herself.

And sure enough within a brief interval Sue came again. This time it was her choicest morsel, and she related it with an unusual touch of insight.

"Heard the latest, Anne? It's about one of your own cherished little Lazurlees, and I've got it straight. Last Sunday, Sadie Snow, in speaking to her Sunday School class, put this question: 'How many of you children want to go to heaven?' Every one but Rue and Lloyd held up their hands."

"'Don't you want to go to heaven?' asked Miss Snow."

"Lloyd spoke up, 'No, Miss Snow, we don't want to go to heaven 'cause Grandma Willis has come to live with us; and she's hung up pictures and put down rugs and fixed curtains and put flowers in the window. Laz has a job and Mamma is writin' down the school census. And Grandma Willis is tellin' us stories each night in her warm, snug room. No, Miss Snow, we don't want to go to heaven, not for a long, long time'."

Father teach me to stand alone,
Not in the strength of futile pride
But with a confidence serene
Thy unseen hand will be my guide.

Ann Rushen Keys Paxman

By Alice P. McCune

ANN RUSHEN KEYS, the eldest daughter and the second child of Joseph and Mary Rushen Keys, was born September 11, 1830, at Little Baddow, Essex County, England. Her parents were devoted and kind, but because of their meager income, Ann, when ten years of age, started living away from home to earn her board. Her first work was that of tending two small children. She remained at this place for one year. She was allowed a visit home, after an absence of three months, which renewed memories of home and mother. Upon her return to her duties a spell of homesickness seized her. She ran home to receive comfort, only to be returned by her father, who thoroughly believed that one's word is one's honor. This incident helped Ann to cultivate a determination to stick to and master whatever came into her life. When she changed her place of employment, she received, in addition to her board, six cents per week and felt rich as a queen. She continued living away from home, going from place to place, her wage being gradually increased until at the age of twenty-three she received her board and eight pounds or $40.00 a year.

Often a yearning for home came into her soul but circumstances forbade any long visit with her kindred; thus she was compelled to receive training and development from those with whom she lived and associated. Her scholastic education consisted of six weeks in the school room, yet she developed a liking for knowledge and through her determination she learned to read and write and spent many of the lonely hours in later life reading good books and articles of interest.

Although Father and Mother Keys were of a spiritual nature, desiring to live lives of saints, and were good church members, the gospel message, when first brought to their door by Elder Charles W. Penrose, did not fall upon their ears as sweet music, but the truth and fulness thereof came to them gradually. Mother Keys, at the first sound of it, shook her finger in the face of Elder Penrose and said, "False Prophet"; however, she was the first of the family to accept it. As her soul became permeated with the spirit of the gospel, she used her influence with the other members of the family. That, along with the elders' visits and the searching for enlightenment was the cause of Father Keys and four children accepting the gospel; Ann Rushen being one of the favored number. She was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on September 13, 1851, by John Holland, a local elder of England.

At the age of twenty-three, Ann Rushen accepted a position with a family in London. These people were prejudiced against "Mormonism," which made it very necessary for Ann to guard her words and actions lest she be discharged; however, she was daring enough to seek opportunities to attend L. D. S. meetings, where she could meet with those of her own faith. Ann purchased the *Millennial Star* when opportunity permitted. In buying the *Star* from the agent, William Paxman, a convert to "Mormonism," she became acquainted with him. She was very happy to have formed

this friendship but more pleased when the friendship turned to courtship. They courted for a time and then there came a day when the song of the bird was sweeter, the perfume of the flowers more fragrant, and the blue of the sky, the rays of the moon, the twinkle of the stars had more charm for her; in fact, the whole world had changed for there came into her routine life a bit of romance; she found that she loved and was loved by one who to her was perfect. Their courtship continued until March 3, 1855, when they were united in marriage at Christ's Church, London. William invited Brother Penrose, who was a close friend, to eat their wedding dinner with them, which consisted of bread, butter, and red herring.

Their union was a happy one, for both had the same faith, desires, aspirations, and ambitions. The same traits of thrift, determination, farsightedness, honor and love for God being implanted within them, they became one in thought, in soul, in spirit. They remained in London until the first of May, 1856, when they went to Liverpool preparatory for their departure to Zion. Although Ann was in delicate health, they set sail on Sunday, May 25, 1856, on the ship "Horizon." Their voyage was not an anticipated pleasure trip. As their means were scarce, they were obliged to take steerage passage, the passengers were expected to cook and prepare their own food, with the exception of seabiscuits which were furnished by the shipping company. These biscuits were a round flat cake about four inches in diameter, so hard they could not be cut and hardly broken. William was seasick the whole of the voyage, thus making it doubly hard for Ann.

When she was a girl there was a great delicacy, even a secrecy, with the older people in keeping from the young all knowledge of the problems of life or the responsibilities which come with wifehood and motherhood; consequently, she was illy prepared for the experiences which awaited her. They had traveled a few days over half their voyage when on June 13, 1856, a boy, weighing only three and one-half pounds, was born to them, and was named William Reid Horizon. The doctor's assistance was not given gratis on ship, and owing to scarcity of means, Ann was obliged to be content with the help of a lady passenger who was wholly ignorant of the needs and requirements of such an occasion; consequently, the mother was badly injured. Immediately upon the arrival of the little one, the young mother was left alone—a Sister Till washing and dressing the baby for many days. Through lack of care, Ann was very ill and but for the kindness of the captain her life would have been despaired of. He became aware of the birth of the baby and hearing how small it was, went to see it. Upon finding the young mother in an unnatural state of health, he ordered the doctor to visit her and also had her food sent from the cabin. Yet she was left in a precarious condition and was unable for several months to sit in a correct posture or take ease in her household work. The remainder of the voyage was endured, not enjoyed. Needless to say, the seasick husband, the weary wife, with nerves shattered and health broken, were happy to see land when they arrived in Boston on July 3, 1856, having been five weeks and three days at sea.

After they had established themselves in Boston, he was fortunate in securing work as clerk in a store. While there he learned the trade of

soldering, or tinkering. They remained in Boston for five years. While there, two other choice spirits were intrusted to their keeping—a boy named Edgar Moroni and a girl named Emma Tryphenia.

When the Civil War broke out in 1861, all the elders in the Eastern States were called home and the Saints advised to migrate to Utah. Although Ann had three small children, almost babies, to care for, and an unborn life to consider, she and her husband complied with counsel and left Boston in the early part of June, going to Florence, Nebraska by railroad, a journey of two weeks. They remained there two weeks longer waiting for teams to arrive with which to continue their travels. The last of June they started across those desert wastes with ox teams, under Captain Joseph Horn. They were two and one-half months on the way. He walked all the distance while she had the privilege of riding because of her physical inabilities, but little did she ride because of the extremely bad roads and her fright. She walked many miles, carrying one and often two children to rest them and to hush their cries caused by the hot sands burning their little feet and by thirst. She herself suffered much with the heat during those hot July and August days, longing for water of which there was a scarcity, walking on and on until, when evening spread its shadows over the camp, she would be footsore and weary almost to the breaking point; but her courageous spirit would say, "Carry on, Ann, carry on." And she did carry on to the end of the journey, trusting always in her Creator.

They were visited often by the Indians, and were ever fearful lest they would drive away their cattle or steal their children. They'd ask for money of which the Saints had none, but Captain Horn would try to satisfy them by exchanging flour and bacon for blankets and skins of various kinds.

Their flour and bacon were proportioned out to them; adults received full allowance and children half. Ann's children, being small, didn't eat their full share; hence their parents did not suffer for food. Before leaving Boston, with foresight and thrift, Ann made a supply of yeast cakes to take on the journey. Notwithstanding the strenuous, hard days, in the evening before retiring she would mix her bread, place it on the foot of the bed over night and in the morning have delicious yeast dough flapjacks for breakfast, making enough for the day. She was the only woman to her knowledge who had yeast bread during the journey. What joy was hers in often dividing it with her comrade travelers!

ARRIVING in Salt Lake City on September 13, 1861, with winter approaching and no belongings except a few clothes, bedding, bake skillet, etc., they were given the use of a little old rickety shack located where the Walker Dry Goods Store now stands, going into it after staying three days with John Sullivan and family, a former Bostonian friend. William Paxman received for his first work in Utah one quart of molasses. Brother Webb gave them a little flour. That was their start in Zion. He went almost immediately in search of work, obtaining some in Sessions settlement (now Farmington). Returning about the 26th of October, he found his wife with a baby boy born on October 12, 1861, just four weeks after landing in Salt Lake City. This baby was named James Walter, and was paid for with two gal-

lons of molasses. The midwife made no visits after the birth of the baby, so Ann and the little family were dependent upon the neighbors for assistance. One lady would go in each morning to care for her and the baby, while another, not a member of the Church, whose husband opposed her doing anything for a "Mormon," would run in with something nice to eat, under her apron. The Indians would come to the house, look at the mother, laugh, talk, and make gestures at the children. Her heart would almost stand still for fear they would carry her children away.

Because of the unhealthful condition of the shack they were in, they moved into the 19th Ward in December of the same year in order to have a warmer house for the winter. Their conditions were a trifle improved, but they had not much comfort.

The following February, William walked through the snow all the way to American Fork to look around for a permanent location to establish a home. He was away two weeks. He had arranged with a party to take his wife some flour, but he failed to do so. There was no food in the home excepting carrots and no means with which to purchase more, so she and her children lived upon carrots the whole of two weeks. Upon the father's return, they decided to move to American Fork. As there was an ox team going that way and a chance for them to go with it, they hurriedly made preparations and were soon on their way.

Upon their arrival, Ann was not pleasantly surprised in seeing her new abiding place. It was a little hovel of a dugout about eight by eight feet, dirt walls and floor, no windows, a door frame, but no door (one was, however, given them by a neighbor), a willow roof covered with dirt which leaked when it stormed, so much so that they were obliged to hold umbrellas over them. Their bed was straw upon the floor, a box was their table. Under these conditions she gave way. Her pride wounded, and in anguish of spirit she said, "I didn't think I was coming to Zion to be littered down like a pig," but she endured and managed in some inconceivable way for one year when they moved into another dugout so much improved they felt they had almost reached heaven. The mother took pride in keeping this home spotlessly clean. Dishes were scarce, so she shined tin cans until they could almost be used for mirrors, using them for cups, spoon tray, molasses jug, vases, etc. It was here they began to accumulate and save with a desire to add to and have comforts in the home, but difficulties continued to come to them. The year 1864 was a perilous one. But for the help of Providence, the people would have starved. The grasshoppers destroyed all their wheat, and then began taking the weeds, which the people used for greens, and about the only thing left from which they could get nourishment. The following year, 1865, the father, mother, and children were obliged to glean wheat in order to have bread to eat. The children's gleanings were given to the Relief Society to sustain the poor, while the father and mother gleaned enough for themselves to give them a fair amount of flour for the winter by using sparingly.

On the 25th of April, 1863, a boy was born to them, named George Francis, and on February 16, 1865, a girl was born, named Esther Elizabeth. On May 2, 1867, another girl, named Martha Eleanor, was born.

In the year 1866, William Pax-

man was the means of having built an up-to-date molasses mill. This mill was built of adobes from ground close by the home. After its completion it appeared so comfortable that the family moved into it while a home was built over the dugout which had been occupied by them, and which consisted of three rooms downstairs and two upstairs, with a small closet. So anxious was the mother to have a real home that there was no hesitation on her part in carrying adobes, mud and rock to help make the improvement. The home was later added to until it consisted of nine rooms and a large summer kitchen. The first stove owned by her, a small, ordinary iron Charter Oak stove with four lids, which had been hauled across the plains in wagons, was put into the new home at a cost of $125.00.

The new home was entered with hearts filled with joy and gratitude to God for blessing them so abundantly. Together they worked improving the grounds by hauling away rocks, of which there were loads, planting fruit trees, grape arbors, bushes, shade trees, lawns, and flowers. The home became a veritable resting place. They not only labored themselves, but their children were, in their early youth, taught the value of thrift, industry and cooperation, and were given their tasks to keep them employed and out of mischief. The mother gave her children work time and play time, but not idle moments. James and George were set to work clearing rocks from the ground, on one occasion, but after they thought their task completed, she found some excuse to have them move their pile from one place to another. And the boys, full of indignation, pouting and mumbling that they didn't see why rocks had to grow, and that they wished they'd never seen a rock, saw the one pile gradually diminish while the other grew taller and taller as the hours slowly rolled by.

Four children were born in the new home—on March 26, 1869, Joseph Hyrum; September 16, 1870, Alice Ann; July 4, 1872, Edwin Washington; and on August 9, 1875, her last child, Albert Reynolds, was born.

The molasses mill was set running after they moved into the new home, and operated many years. Oh, the fun it brought to the boys and girls—swimming and wading in the old mill stream and running into the big wheel to get it spinning! On one of these occasions, terror seized Joe when his shirt caught on a nail and he found himself hanging from the top of the wheel like a circus performer. And the boys teasingly kept him dangling until his mother, hearing the screams of her boy, ran to the rescue. Many are the happy memories of chewing sugar cane, of "skimmins" candy pulls, and the joy of carrying the pulled and twisted candy sticks to treat their friends.

In November, 1875, William Paxman accepted a call to fulfill a mission to his native land, where he labored for two years. His wife was left with eleven children under her care and guidance, the oldest nineteen years, the baby eight months. The father had procured about thirty acres of farm land upon which the boys worked; the mother and the older girls dried fruit. These, with the molasses mill, gave the family a fair living during the father's absence. Notwithstanding the large family to feed and clothe, tithing was paid in full each year. Ann not only had her children to care for, but in August, 1876, her father immigrated to Utah, and lived with her until his

demise in May, 1877. And in 1878, her husband's sisters, Martha, who was deaf and dumb, and Esther, with her husband, Henry Cullum, and three children, emigrated from England and went to Ann's home where they remained until the latter part of 1879, when Esther died at childbirth, leaving a frail infant baby in Ann's care. It lived only six weeks.

When the Sunday Schools of that section met yearly in American Fork in their Sunday School jubilee, William Paxman, being Sunday School superintendent, would bring thirty or more visitors home to dinner. Ann cooked and prepared days ahead in order to have everything in readiness and served a real banquet upon these occasions. It was they, too, who first entertained the old folks. In the years '73 and '74, they had all the aged of the town at the home to a banquet at noon, entertained them during the afternoon, and ended by serving fruit and mild grape wine (made by Ann). The poorest of them carried lunches home. James and Ann Paxman thus set a pattern for the old folks' parties now given throughout the Church.* Then, the town choir of thirty members was invited in for chicken supper and an evening's entertainment on the same date.

A truly interested mother is always made happy when her children desire to live their life to the fullest, yet there is a pang of sadness when the children marry and leave the home. Ann's oldest son William was the first to leave the family nest. In January, 1879, he married Urilda Moody in the St. George Temple. Traveling with teams, William was fourteen days on the way down, but he was so anxious ot see home and mother that he made the return journey in eight days. The next year, 1880, Emma, who had assumed so many of the home duties, the one upon whom the mother had relied, caused a vacanacy in the home hard to fill when she married Joseph Miller.

Like most women of those times, with few doctors and no trained nurses, Ann had her problems and anxieties with illnesses which come in the rearing of large families. Perhaps the most trying anxiety of this kind came when her boy, Edgar Moroni, was critically injured in American Fork Canyon in May, 1882. His skull was badly fractured, he lay unconscious for many hours and all hope for his recovery was banished by the doctor. He lay for weeks with ice packs on his head and was confined to his room under anxious care for one and one-half months. So great was his injury and so intense his suffering that he could stand no one to enter the room wearing shoes, nor could he endure the bedding touched. He, with his parents, relied upon the Priesthood for his recovery and he was wholly restored. The grateful mother always gave her Maker praise and felt that Edgar was a monument of God's mercy.

When in 1883 William Paxman was called to preside over the Juab Stake of Zion, it was necessary to move to Nephi. Parting from the old homestead, giving up what had become almost a part of her, leaving friends tried and true, having only the memories of those yesterdays, going among strangers, forming new friendships, making a new home and assuming new duties, was one of Ann's severest trials. But loyal as always to her calling as helpmate, she made preparations and in May of that year she bade

*Annual Old Folks' Excursions began May 14, 1875, when 250 aged people had an excursion at Dr. Clinton's Hotel.

goodbye to everything there, dear to her. Earlier in life she suffered the trial of becoming partially deaf, which made it doubly hard for her to go among strangers. At the time of moving, and for some time after, she was not in good health.

Feeling that his position as president of the stake caused all eyes to be upon his family, William was very strict, or at least more strict than the children thought necessary. They were expected to be in at ten o'clock no matter what the occasion, with the exception of a dance, then twelve sharp. The mother stood with the father in his requests, yet she was full of sympathy and understanding, occasionally helping the girls out of their difficulties. Alice fully appreciated this understanding in her mother when after a surprise party she was a few minutes late getting home. The squeaking door hinges awakened her father and she was chided for coming in after ten. Next morning she said in disgust to her mother, "If the door didn't squeak, I could get in sometimes without father hearing," and to her surprise, she received the answer, "Take the oil can and grease it, my girl, grease it." And not many moments elapsed before she *did* grease it!

Ann's severest trial by death was the passing of her husband on October 12, 1897. His death was the result of internal injuries and a broken leg which he sustained when a scaffold gave way while he was shingling the old home at American Fork. His wife attended him through his illness and death. His remains were taken to the home at Nephi, and laid away in the Vine Bluff cemetery there.

Albert, a young man of twenty-two years at the time of his father's death, was the only child left at home. He nobly assumed the responsibilities of companion, comforter, and burden bearer, foregoing many pleasures that the solitude and quiet of the long, lonely hours for his mother might be dispelled. Kind and patient, full of consideration, he became her confidant, and rock of strength to lean upon. He married Margaret Jenkins in June of the following year, and they lived with his mother. His devoted attentions were not diminished, but he and Margaret were united in working for their mother's comfort, carrying many responsibilities which otherwise would have fallen upon the rest of the family, most of whom lived away from Nephi. After occupying the home with Albert and his family for two years, Ann took two rooms and kept house for herself. Through these years, she suffered very severe illnesses, caused through hardening of arteries and irregular heart, and she needed much watchful care. Albert and Margaret, patient and loving, were never slack in administering to her wants.

When eleven children were at home many times unexpected company dropped in to dine, and oft-times there was little more than just enough food prepared for the family. It was then that some of the children were sure to ask for a second helping, when the food should be reserved for the "company." But Emma, at her post between the younger children, never forgot to give a gentle (?) kick at their feet or pinch their legs to remind them that "little children should be seen, but not heard." Not only were those who came to the home treated kindly, but often the children would carry lunches to the sick, baskets of food to the needy and fruit, vegetables, clothing and bedding to the poor immigrants who had come to

Utah and had not yet found employment. When the boys of Nephi were called to Camp Lewis to train for the World War, Ann Paxman procured their names and ordered the *Christmas News* sent to each one. Few women eighty-six years old would be so thoughtful. She was one of those big-hearted, unassuming souls who never let her left hand know what the right hand did and none knew of her kindness excepting those to whom she was a benefactor.

When in 1917 Albert and his family moved to Kanab, his mother went to live with her oldest daughter Emma, at American Fork. This was another sad seperation for her, for she had become much attached to her Nephi home, but no less kindly was she considered by Emma and her family in their home. Soon after her going there, her health gradually failed and in the late part of 1918, she was confined to her bed. Life gradually waned and as the light of a beautiful April morning spread its glorious rays over the universe, at six a. m., April 10, 1919, at the age of eighty-eight years and seven months, she passed away. The dawn of a more glorious life began for the faithful woman who had passed from this school of experience into a higher school of learning with honors, to again enjoy the companionship of her beloved husband and children there and to go on and on to perfection.

Utah

By Anna Rosdahl

Fairest State of the West, our Utah so blest
With valleys so fertile in mountainous nest;—
With its pure mountain air, its sunshine and rain,
Its fields of alfalfa and rich waving grain;
With its orchards and gardens, its meadows of green,—
And its rich varied crops—what a bounteous scene!
So happy and blest in the prosperous West,—
Why shouldn't we have our own Utah the best!

Our Utah, the desert the pioneers chose—
Behold, how it flourishes, blooms as the rose!
It has yielded to struggle, ambition and toil
Of the brave who redeemed and who conquered the soil.
They then never knew the vast treasures in store—
The oil wells and coal mines, the mountains of ore;
'Tis a land of resources, our State in the West,—
Why shouldn't we love our own Utah the best!

This bleak, barren waste, which our fathers possessed,
Transformed to an Eden, a land God has blest:
With its valleys and streams, with its mountains and hills,
Its farms and its dairies, its factories and mills;—
For bounteous production, far known is its name,—
While its schools and its learning make fair its fame:
'Tis a good place to live out here in the West,
Why shouldn't we love our own Utah the best!

Thy climate fair Utah, surpasses all lands,
Thy beauty majestic—unrivaled it stands,
Thy deep, rugged canyons, thy mountains that rise,
And vaunt their proud grandeur against the blue skies.
Devastation and storms, tho they rage from afar,—
With barriers surrounded, protected we are:—
So sheltered, so blest, aye—above all the rest,
We love thee, dear Utah, choice land of the West.

Emma Clouchek

By Cora Carver Ritchie

THE backbone of frontier cities and new states has always been the brave women who have pioneered them.

Idaho is still new. Her women are still pioneering. Among the dozens of prominent women who

EMMA CLOUCHEK

have done big things in a big way in Idaho, Emma Clouchek stands out eminently. In many ways she is a true pioneer for she has been the founder of new movements, civic, social and political.

Her grandfather Rull Olds and his family crossed the plains in 1844, with the second caravan that went to Oregon. The family settled on a donation claim, which consisted of 320 acres of virgin soil free to the couples who would cultivate it. Among the precious relics Mrs. Clouchek treasures is a deed written by her grandfather describing that claim. The boundaries were designated by a certain tree on one corner and by a peculiar rock on the other.

Nelson Olds who was eight years old when his father crossed the plains also lived on this claim. He married Phebe Livengood. They had a large family, Emma being the fourth child. The children were all raised and educated in Oregon. Speaking of Emma her sister said, "We have always looked to her for everything and we still do."

After teaching school several years, Emma married Dr. Henry Walker Clouchek. They moved to Twin Falls, Idaho in 1904, and have since made their home there, giving freely of both time and money to help build up this community.

The doctor has always been a lover of children. In his quiet way he has won the hearts of all who know him. No one will ever know how many unfortunate lads have been completely fitted out from head to toe with a new set of wearing apparel with arms full of extras by him. He is the news boys' friend.

Even before charitable organizations were working as they do today, Mrs. Clouchek did follow up work for her husband. If there was no other way to help a needy family, she made over her own clothes and did the actual work in the homes of

the sick. Many families have been started back on the road to self-confidence and self-support through the generous, capable aid of Mrs. Clouchek. In later years she has headed almost every charitable organization in the city and county.

Mrs. Clouchek was one of the founders of the Twentieth Century Club and served twice as president. She was the first president of the Ladies' Aid, first secretary of the first club in Twin Falls, has been president of District Federation of Woman's Clubs and has served as chairman of every committee in the state and district work.

For four years she conducted social service lessons for mothers in connection with P. T. A. work. She has been county and state chairman of the Woman's Republican Club and vice president for the State Club.

For eight years she has worked on the woman's committee for the fair —three years on committees and five years as superintendent of all departments pertaining to woman's work. When she first took over the fair work, the women were allowed one little corner in one building. Today they occupy three large buildings and parts of a fourth.

The most helpful unit she has organized is the Social Hall unit, which is used for boys' and girls' and women's demonstration plans, club work, etc. It is the social center of the fair a place where everything can be planned and adjusted.

Mrs. Clouchek built a rack to display towels, etc., that has been copied by many other fairs because of its utility and simplicity. She also built the up-to-date kitchen and pantry in the woman's building. She has a scheme this year whereby she can double the gate receipts, if the men will vision her plan in time.

Mrs. Clouchek was elected to the state legislature as representative from Twin Falls county in 1930. In the short time she has worked in the House in Boise, she has proven her ability to think clearly and act quickly. A representative from another county said, "When Mrs. Clouchek takes the floor the men listen. She talks only when she has something to say and she says it so emphatically there is no room left for doubt."

She is mild, sweet and courteous and has a merry twinkle in her black eyes; she loves a good story or joke. To win her point she will fight just as hard and the blows will be just as effective as were those of her father or grandfather in their many battles with the Indians.

She is frank and unafraid to speak her mind. For instance when telling one of her nephews about the evils of tobacco she was asked, "How about the women?" Her eyes flashed as she replied, "Women are making fools of themselves when they smoke, it is filthy and disgusting."

In discussing women and the ballot she said, "Women are losing an opportunity by not using the ballot as they should. Home and public affairs should be combined. A mother must be alert and keep up. This is vital for the woman rearing children as legislation is looking forward to the coming generation that mothers are now educating."

She claims the biggest need in Idaho's educational system is the care of the under privileged child. The schools should be made to meet the needs of the mentally deficient.

Representative Clouchek introduced several new bills in the house. One she is much interested in is the free vaccine bill, which provides for free vaccine and anti-toxin for all contagious diseases.

Another important bill is for the care of the tubercular cases. This bill is preventative, educational, and curative in its scope.

She is chairman of the Public Health committee, is a member of the Library Committee, and is on the Forestry and Municipalities Committee. Her advice is eagerly sought on vital questions.

Frances Mangum

By Fay Ollerton

A STUDENT of pioneer times in Mormondom often feels the sameness of the lives, especially of the women. A cursory study reveals one hardship and trial after another, varied only by a different kind of test to go colonizing; and sweetened only the light of faith which seemed never to wane.

Yet life held something fine and deep for them, even for the unknowns who moved in obscure places. It was a something that compensated for the seemingly barren years. Perhaps it was because they tasted more deeply of the creative spirit than most of us do today; they could see in the rough trails they were marking the smooth highways of later years. Whatever it was, there was purpose in their existence, a purpose so fine that it obliterated the sorrows and made of futility a thing less than a shadow.

One of these women who served silently in the building of our West was Frances Mangum, born in one of the little square counties of Mississippi close to the Alabama border. Whether her parents were members of the Church when their eldest daughter was born, her record does not say. It states only that Frances was born in 1843 and that one year later the family moved to Iowa, and that they were living there when the Mormon Battalion was mustered out of service. Nine years after her birth the family had progressed as far West as Nebraska, and in 1852 they started towards Deseret.

Like all the years of pioneer migration the summer of 1852 was a hard one. Little Frances was to become so inured to suffering and privation that she regarded them as part of life. She walked most of the way to Payson, Utah, though she was not yet nine years of age. The sight of the dead, (cholera was raging then) wrapped in their cottonwood bark burial clothes, and the war whoops of the Indians became common things as she plodded along the sunflower trail.

Once in Utah Frances' odyssey had barely begun. She was to live the rest of her life in obscure places watching the sparse green fields make inroads against the silver sage, and to see church spires and crude school houses reared where the Indians and rattle snakes had lately held sway. From Payson the family soon moved to Nephi, where for the next few years the pioneer girl was to see with interested eyes her men folk erecting a ten foot mud wall about the little town as a protection from the Indians.

In 1857, when the pioneers were resting with some security behind their fortress, Brigham Young issued a call for intrepid families to go further south in Dixieland and cultivate cotton. John Mangum, ever willing for new ventures responded.

Frances was almost a woman grown now and must do a woman's

work. One of her first duties was the getting of cotton seed. There was no gin then and the girl must labor at the tedious process of separating the thick seed from the cotton and then have John Mangum pay twenty-five cents a pound for the finished product. Later in the season when the cotton lay like snow on the brown stalks she picked it, then wove and spun it into dress material for the sons and daughters of Zion.

COURTSHIP, like hardship, came early but did not last so long; it was commonplace for a girl to be married in her early teens. In the year 1857 she met Gabrel Coley, presumably from Texas, since Frances' record states that he returned there. In April, 1858 in the first bloom of a Dixie spring they were married by Apostle Amassa Lyman. Within a year their only child Winnie Frances was born, but the added burden proved too much for Gabrel; and with one gesture he forsook both his family and church for what he considered the easier life in Texas.

The next year Frances married James M. Mangum. Three children all of whom died in infancy were born to them. Frances must have felt some peace and stability for they lived continuously in the southland until 1869, when she and James were called to pioneer Kanab. They were ten years among the red hills and the cedars before they followed the Mormon trail to Arizona and Apache county. Old Geronomo was on the war path with his cruel braves and Frances was to feel once more the excitement and torment of earlier years.

In 1888 James Mangum died. For a few years she struggled against ill health and poverty, then her old spirits and energy returned, for she was needed in the little settlements of Apache County. Four years before her husband's death Bishop Benjamin Noble, knowing full well her sturdy qualities, her gentleness with the sick, and her intelligence set her apart as a midwife. If her calling previous to this time had been to pioneer the waste places, hereafter she was to aid souls into the places she had prepared for them. Night or day for years she was subject to calls in the little town where she lived, or over perilous mountain paths. All in all with no special aid she brought more than four hundred infants into the world, and her fees for all of them would scarcely pay for one child's entry into life in the year 1931.

She was not destined to spend her days peacefully in the home her husband had reared for her. It was in 1897 that Winnie's husband died, leaving her a legacy of nine children. When Frances was not in the sick room she was sewing and weaving and turning almost any kind of honest toil into money for her grandchildren. In 1917 she packed her household goods and moved again, this time to Central, a little town in the eastern part of Arizona. Ten years of this and she made her last journey to Duncan, a tiny place where she was to spend her last days with her daughter and an unmarried grandson. Duncan was not far, as miles go, from her first Utah home, but she was to feel that an eternity of experience separated the two.

She died when she was eighty-five years old, still in possession of her mental faculties and of her zest for life and her faith in the Church that had led her from the river lands of the old south to the dry spaces of the West where her kind was needed and appreciated.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

LEADERSHIP may be on a stage that is little or large, in the spotlight or in the wings but it is something to be more than a follower.

TWO of the Pullitzer prizes awarded annually by the Trustees of Columbia University from the foundation of the late Joseph Pullitzer were won by women.

To Margaret Ayer Barnes for the best American novel: *Years of Grace* was awarded $1,000. and Susan Gaspell was awarded $1,000. for the best American play: *Allison's House*. Bryn Mawr College has awarded its "eminent achievement" prize of $5,000 to Jane Addams, founder of Hull House and a great welfare worker.

MADAM OLINIA ROISETTI AGREETI of Italy was the only woman delegate to the sixth congress of the International Chamber of Congress.

IT'S never too late to learn is proven by the new school for elderly women opened recently in San Francisco. The purpose of the school is to teach women past middle age how to care for themselves and help them get positions.

THE women of the Civic League of Pasadena, after vainly protesting against the tearing down of the cabin in Carmelita Park in which a part of California's most romantic novel, Ramona, was written, by Helen Hunt Jackson, are now asking for the reconstruction of the cabin on the old site and begging the city fathers that no other landmarks be destroyed without public notice. It is to be hoped the League will be successful. Too many landmarks of historic value have been destroyed, not all in California either.

WHILE Mrs. Thomas A. Edison makes the claim that the next twenty years will bring women back in the home, the National President of Federation of Women's Clubs asserts that women are ready to take their places side by side with men in all fields. The fact that the Institute of Crafts and Industry of Waterbury after many years of service has decided to close its doors because of lack of interest, would bear out the latter statement. The modern girl does not care to knit or sew.

VACATION time is now on and it might be well to consider the fact that a vacation is an investment according to the use one makes of it. It pays no dividend unless it gives rest and fits one with fresh viewpoint and zest for the year to come.

THE death of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid at Rosemary on the Riveria, the home of her daughter Lady Ward, removes from American social and political circles a truly great woman. Though an accomplished social leader Mrs. Reid gave liberally of her time and means for the advancement and betterment of mankind. She founded schools, and homes, and hospitals, in New York, California, London and Paris, was active in Red Cross work and encouraged art and education especially for women.

Just before she sailed for Europe to spend her 73rd spring abroad, she turned over her great Ophir Hall at Purchase, N. Y., to the King of Siam, America's most distinguished guest.

A GOOD SALAD FOR WOMEN

A GENEROUS number of kind words
Any amount of good cheer,
Equal quanities of gentleness and courage.
Combined with patience and sincerity,
Seasoned with a dash of fun.

Measure all with the "Golden Rule" and mix well with two handfuls of warm handclasps.

Garnish with smiles and serve with a dressing of courtesy.

Patriotism of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers

By Julia P. M. Farnsworth

PATRIOTISM, as I understand it, is love and loyalty to God, home and country. If there exists today an organization of women in America with reason to be imbued with these characteristics, it is the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. By right of inheritance they possess these qualifications, as most of them came of the line of patriots who were of the early Colonial settlers. Their ancestors emigrated from European countries to the new world, and proved their right to recognition.

The fathers and mothers of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, permanently established one of the states of the Union, between the great East and the far West. This linking of the continent made travel safe and emigration sure. Our parents encouraged agriculture and commerce; they helped to develop the mines, and every other industry possible. They built churches, homes, school houses, and ever extended, in a most gracious manner, their hospitality to the stranger within our gates.

From the period of the settlements in 1847, in Utah, we have been taught to honor and respect our American laws and government, to cherish her Constitution and Declaration of Independence, to love her history and her gallant countrymen, and everything that tends to the ennobling and elevating of humanity. You cannot, within the United States, find women who have sacrificed more, to express their reverence for the flag, than have the wives, mothers and daughters of the Utah Pioneers. With God and family our country claims our full allegiance!

The society of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers was organized by a true and loyal heroine, Annie Taylor Hyde. On her mother's line she was a descendant of the early covenantors of Scotland, the Ballantyne's who were a splendid type of people; her father was the revered and cultured president, John Taylor.

In addition to being men and women of sterling character, our Utah Pioneers were also people of great ability, and the object of the organization of the Daughters of

the Pioneers, which was perfected on the 11th of April, 1901, just 30 years ago, was to keep in our memories the lives, works, and accomplishments of our early pioneers—our fathers, mothers and grandparents, and the noble examples and the worthy teachings they have left us, what they actually did, and what they expected us to do. It is our aim not to disappoint them, but to keep the heritage they have left us, and hand it on enriched and enlarged. Our inspiration comes when we review that marvelous task, the great journey across the trackless plains, with no guides but the stars of heaven, no director but the spirit of God. Brigham Young, that great and fearless colonizer, in company with the other heroic men guided our people, under the inspiration of an all-wise power, on that long and desolate journey, beset as they were by difficulties every mile of the way. All had faith to sustain them, and acknowledged that the ultimate result for which they were seeking would be theirs. Yet fortitude and constant manual labor was necessary to sustain them and to keep alive the spirit of achievement; to safeguard the health and to preserve the lives of the people. The wives, mothers and daughters took an active part in this all along the way. Examples of morality and right standards were prominently before them, and these were inspired and led by the loftiest patriotism with liberty, freedom and devotion always in their hearts. May the daughters be true to the faith, and institutions which were built upon honor! May they maintain the qualities of truth and honesty, for the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, as did their mothers, thoroughly understand the meaning and the magnificance of real patriotism!

Champions

By Ian Dawn

LITTLE Bag-of-Bones we called him when he came to us first at the Home. I often wondered how such a frail little atom could live. He was ever in the black books with the matron and the gardener, not that he was all bad but being more or less handicapped by illness he seemed to cherish a grudge against the world in general. Even on what we termed his good days he usually started in to behave badly. During playtime in the garden he would forage for all kinds of fruit although he knew that was forbidden. Like a squirrel he found a quiet corner and had a feast. What he could not eat made fine ammunition to be fired at other patients. Complaints would follow and then little Ishmael was in trouble again. On these occasions he could contrive to look very wistful and his cough would get very bad, so instead of punishment he would be put to bed and treated like a wounded hero. He could never tell us anything about his home life. He would reiterate, Father just went away. Mother is not dead, she needed a rest so the angels took her; baby brother is in another home." Truly "the thoughts of a child are long, long thoughts." His great desire was to get into the same home as his little brother. Many a time after a long silence he would say, "I know that Jesus died for me." Then he would look very

perplexed and say, "Don't you think the angels are taking a long time to bring mother back?"

As time went on I began to dread what was coming when the little mouth would shut tight, the fair hair would be all rumpled, and the bonnie blue eyes took on a troubled far away look. After much silent prayer to our Father I found courage one day to tell him that mother could not come to earth again, they would be taken to her. He looked very thoughtful at that but not a word did he say.

Before leaving us to go to a home for older boys we had many long conversations. We talked of the Plan of Salvation as taught to Mormon children, of the Gold Plates and a strong young Prophet hero who died for the truth, of Brigham Young and his pioneers who blazed a trail across what was No Man's Land at that time, of the beautiful Temples where work is done to prepare for the coming of this same Jesus. Boylike he would exclaim, "What champions they were." By the restful look that crept into his earnest eyes and the calm that entered my own heart I knew that all was well with the lad.

Years passed, then came the Great War. At the Mission, as elsewhere, our Relief Societies had much work for the Red Cross. In France, in Palestine, in North Russia, and on the wild North Sea were our dear ones. Heavy hearts could not be allowed to hinder us, a never ending supply of hospital garments and bandages had to be prepared.

After meeting it was our custom to stand in the outer hall and discuss our plans and fears for our absent ones before going out into the darkened gloomy streets. Then it was that I became aware of a little soldier boy passing and repassing the gate. On inquiry I learned to my surprise and joy that he was my little Ishmael straight as an arrow. The "Glengarry cap" set jauntily on his fair head told me that he belonged to a Scottish regiment. One of the little, but good "Bantams."*

My joy was short-lived. He had come to say good-bye. He was enroute to France. Owing to an accident in the orphan's home the little brother was dead. He uttered no murmur nor regret. His wistful far away smile told me he knew all was well. "See you first leave if all's well," he said. On second thought he bravely added. "Should I never see you again you know all's well just the same." In Flanders among the poppies rests a broken body. Beyond the river in the Summer Land of Love the angels with mother and the little one rejoiced together to welcome home another Champion.

*The "Batams" were a Battalion of the Royal Scots composed of very small men.

The Higher Patriotism

THE higher patriotism is not selfish or vain or opinionated or combative. Those traits belong to that wall of prejudice and self-seeking, personal and national, which is so often painted to look like patriotism. The higher patriotism sees in one's nation a moral personality with a conscience as well as an intelligence and with a high purpose as well as with material interests. The higher patriotism asks not alone for opportunity to thrive and to gain, but for opportunity to inspire, to succor and to serve.

—*Nicholas Murray Butler.*

Crude were the looms
They plied,
With weary hands;
Rough-hewn the plough
That bit the arid lands.
But as they toiled
With hope beyond the day,
There loomed in vision,
Endlessly away,
A fair and teeming country-side—
Vast in its reach, subdued
And glorified!

—*Louis W. Larsen.*

A Wish

By Mary Ellen Fletcher

I wish you the art to appreciate,
To enjoy this world of ours,
The birds and the bees,
The brooklets and tree,
The hills, the sun, the flowers.

The broad deep river running by,
The mountains airy height.
The grasses green,
The lake's blue sheen,
And the butterflies in flight.

I wish you a heart that understands,
Forgives the faults of fellow-men.
Has pity's art,
A humble heart,
That how to comfort sorrows kens.

I wish you the love of a loyal heart,
Friends, posterity, home.
Work and rest,
And all things best,
As through this life you roam.

Sealed With the Peace Pipe

By Allen Buice Hunt

BETSY, the fourteen year old daughter of Ammon Hensley was dipping water into a large water pail at the spring fifty yards below her father's ranch house and as she raised the pail and turned toward the house, her eyes fell upon the form of a man not ten feet ahead.

She didn't cry out, for she realized that she would not be heard.

She was alone at the ranch. Her father had gone to the railroad to meet her mother, who was returning from the east where she had been called to the bedside of her dying mother.

Her only brother was with the roundup fifteen or twenty miles down the valley, and her only sister had gone with her father.

Betsy was terrified at the sight of the man. Her keen eyes told her that this man with his bonnet of eagle feathers, his buckskin breeches and a tomahawk that hung from his buckskin belt, was a savage Indian.

Too bewildered and frightened to try to run away even if it were possible to outrun a fleetfooted Indian, Betsy gasped and dropped her pail of water, and obeyed the command to walk ahead of her captor toward two waiting pintos.

The little Mormon settlement where Besty lived, nestled in a pear-shaped valley just below the falls, where Water Canyon emptied into the Little Colorado, the lower end of the valley forming the pear stem, where the high bluffs closed in and sent the river tumbling down through rocky gorges.

To the east was Flat Top mountain less than five miles away and to the south the mountains rose abruptly into a heavy forest of pine and spruce.

To the west the wide mesas rose gradually for twenty miles before ending abruptly at the base of the great White Mountain range, beyond which lay the Apache Indian Reservation.

Heading the ponies westward, they rode out of the valley and began the long ascent toward the mountains, and Betsy's thought that she was a captive of the terrible Apaches tortured her.

For long torturous hours they rode silently, not a word being spoken by her captor, and none being ventured by the frightened girl.

Near midnight, the trail led them to a spring that came bubbling out of a ledge of protruding rock in the edge of the timber, at the base of the mountains. Dismounting, and ordering the girl to do likewise, he motioned to her to drink. The frightened girl had not realized until then that she was very thirsty, and the cool water soothed her nerves, and cooled her fevered brain.

After allowing the ponies to drink, her captor muttered something about too much riding, and that a walk would rest them, so they led the ponies for half a mile. Though she was accustomed to riding, Betsy welcomed this change with a sigh of relief.

For hours they rode, picking their way around through the thick undergrowth of pine and spruce, around thickets of quaking asp and rocky ledges, across wide flats where the stars cast welcome light between the tall pines, and heading canyon

gorges, over steep inclines to emerge again upon open grassy flats.

Betsy had ridden in the mountains with her father, and as she estimated the distance they had ridden thirty or thirty-five miles, when her captor began changing their course often, and only by watching the stars, could she keep even a semblance of her sense of direction.

For more than an hour, they wound through thickets, around broken masses of mountain wall, down through rugged canyons, up again over ridges where only a sure footed horse could travel, and topping a high ridge, Betsy noted the rising of the morning star.

It was still dark when they drew up to a crude, but newly constructed pole cabin in a deep dark gorge, which the girl estimated must be not more than an hour's ride from the borderline of the Indian reservation.

Into this rude one room structure, her captor guided her, and barred the door on the outside. Betsy surmised that he had gone to stake or hobble the ponies on the knee-high grass that grew in every foot of space not occupied by a tree or a stone.

By a crude fireplace lay wood and kindling, and the way the ashes were heaped told her coals might still be alive.

She was cold from the long night ride, and taking a stick from the pile of wood, she uncovered live coals.

She was just getting warm, and trying to center her thoughts on some means of possible escape, when she heard a commotion just outside the door, a gutteral command, followed by a pistol shot, and a dank thud.

The door faced the west, and peering through an opening between the logs, she saw that day was breaking upon the deep canyon, and a faint ray of sunshine was playing on the topmost peak to the west.

Her first startled thought was that by some chance, one of the men had returned from the roundup, had missed her at the ranch, and surmising what happened, had followed them, and had been murdered just as he was about to rescue her.

In that case, her rescue would be more difficult, if not altogether impossible, and the thought of that, and of the fate of her would-be rescuer, added to her frenzy as another light sound fell upon her ears.

The outside bar that held her captive, was being raised.

Suiting action to her thoughts, she sprang for the inside bar and was about to swing it in place, when the door opened, and she gazed into the eyes of a battle scarred Apache, his face grim, his tomahawk still in his hand.

For an instant her frightened eyes stared at the newcomer and her heart was skipping every other beat, when the sweetest music she had ever heard in her life, broke upon her ears as she recognized the face and the voice, saying, "Have no fear, little girl of my friend, it is Wake All Night," and she fell into the arms of the old Apache whom her father had years before rescued from a band of outlaws.

Then as if reading the question in the girl's mind, the old man said, "Me follow all night," and turning, led the girl to where her captor lay with his head almost severed from his body, where the old man's tomahawk had found its unerring mark.

"Heap bad paleface," the old man grunted, and began ripping the Indian regalia from the body.

Then the girl gasped, as she recognized the face, though painted to resemble an Indian, as the man whom her father had discharged

early in the year, when he caught him burning a brand into an animal run by a gang of rustlers over the line in New Mexico.

She was about to throw her arms around the old warrior and thank him again, when her eyes fell upon a crimson stain on his buckskin jacket, that told her the pistol bullet she had heard, had not missed its mark very far.

The old man was staggering, and it was with extreme effort that she held him on his feet till they reached the outlaw's bunk in the cabin, where she dressed and bandaged the wound.

For days, she nursed the old man with all the skill received from her frontier life.

Betsy realized that her father and mother would surmise her fate by the way she had disappeared without finishing the dishes, and not leaving a note, and the water pail near the spring, and the tracks of moccasined feet, and the horses' tracks that something was wrong.

She knew that the community would be up in arms, and that searching parties would scour the country, that her parents would be desperate with anxiety and fear for her, and she wanted to mount one of the ponies and ride fast to the settlement, or till she would meet a searching party. But to leave her patient and rescuer, even for an hour, might mean death to him, and it would take several hours hard riding to reach the first point where she could hope to meet anyone.

It was on the third day, that one of his own braves had sighted the thin spiral of smoke rising from the deep canyon, as the setting sun revealed it to him, silhouetted against the canyon wall.

He had crept silently up to the cabin, fearing that it was the rendezvous of an outlaw band, and had peered through the opening in the log wall, and watched the girl administering to her patient, and heard him, while in one of his conscious moments, telling her how to signal to his people.

"Make heap big smoke in the fireplace," he was telling her, "then go on top, and throw blanket over. Hold breath long as you can, then let smoke go," and in his own way, he told her to repeat the operation several times.

A light rap on the door brought Betsy to her feet, and the old warrior felt of his tomahawk which lay always at his side, and was about to make a terrible effort to rise when he heard a familiar voice calling his own name, and that of his friend.

"It is well," he called to the girl, then sunk into unconsiousness again.

Together, the Mormon girl and the Indian brave watched the old warrior through the night, and at dawn the smoke signals began to rise intermittently from the chimney top, and before noon, at least a dozen braves had arrived at the little impoverished hospital-outlaw rendezvous.

Two of the braves best known to the Mormons were about to start on their journey to the settlement, when they sighted a posse cautiously picking their way through the crags of an almost perpendicular canyon wall, rifles raised, Betsy's father in the lead.

Swiftly darting behind boulders, and trees, the braves called Betsy, and the posse was welcomed to the rapidly increasing group of redmen.

An hour later, when the old warrior had rallied to an extent surprising to Betsy, she witnessed the sealing with the Peace Pipe of one of the most sincere bonds of friendship, that ever took place between two vastly, or was it so vastly, different peoples.

Covered Wagons

By Elsie E. Barrett

Oh, those sturdy Covered Wagons!
Could they speak, what tales they'd tell
Of the struggles, pain and hardships
Early Pioneers befell.

They would tell of brave souls trudging,
Pushing handcarts all day long,
Of the feet so worn and blistered
Though each heart was true and strong.

They would tell of strength, through knowledge,
Of the Gospel Plan restored,
As foretold by ancient Prophets
Killed by torture, hunger, sword.

Tell how these true souls they carried,
Could not doubt, though hard the way;
Had they not the proof—translated,
And the Holy Ghost each day?

Tell of faith and love and courage,
Bearing *all* to reach their goal;
Over trackless wastes, undaunted;
Trust and prayer in every soul.

Marking roads to future greatness
Where in freedom they could grow
To a Commonwealth exalted
Where true precepts they could show.

They would tell in trembling voices,
How, at times, Fate seemed unkind;
Tell of tears and prayers and heartaches
As they left new graves behind.

Tell of joyful campfire singing
Songs of Praise and "All Is Well."
Oh, those sturdy Covered Wagons!
Could they speak, What Tales They'd Tell.

Cottonwood Stake Maternity Hospital

By Emily M. Carlisle

THE Cottonwood Stake Maternity Hospital opened May 15th, a $7,500 new addition. Dr. Beatty, Utah State Commissioner of Health, expressed his approval of the excellence of the institution, which he rated as fully equipped and up to date in every particular, in fact a model maternity hospital. He said, "Women who have the privilege of care in this hospital may consider themselves most fortunate. The record of one thousand cases without a death speaks for itself, when it is considered that the average death of mothers in child-birth in the United States is seven per thousand. There is great need in Utah for more maternity hospitals of the same character."

Modern conveniences for a maternity hospital that were added at the recent addition are, a new delivery room, a new nursery, an isolation room and new wards.

The delivery room and nursery have a southern exposure, and in connection with the service rooms and sterilization room are enclosed away from the rest of the hospital. Every protective measure has been taken to insure a safe birth for infants and safe child-bearing for mothers.

Beauty as well as utility have been considered. The interior walls are painted sunny colors with linoleum and tiling all matching.

The Hospital on 56th South and 4th East, has a cool, quiet restful location. The Relief Society is looking into the future to make it more beautiful. With the help of the stake presidency and the wards, one-hundred sixty-five trees and

shrubs were planted. Among them were sixty-five Norway Maple trees.

THE hospital, which was opened in October, 1924, owes much of its success to the fine vision, the executive ability, and the untiring efforts of the Cottonwood Stake Relief Society Presidency, Mrs. Amanda Bagley, Mrs. Rena Wheeler and Mrs. Nellie Cornwall, with their board. It is rare indeed that the power to see what is needed, and the ability to materialize this into the actual elements of service, find so splendid an expression. Their souls were challenged by the call of mothers for this service in their own community. How freely and unstintedly they gave of their time and labor is told in the story of their marvelous achievements.

Fortunately too, has it been that the succeeding officers, President Vera Wahlquist, with her officers and board members, and the present officers, Mrs. Emily M. Carlisle, Mrs. Sarah Ross and Mrs. Lona Heiner, have carried on the work so splendidly. Nor could this fine work be consummated without the support and hearty cooperation of the Stake Presidents, Uriah G. Miller and Henry D. Moyle.

At present Mrs. Ruby Richards Hansen is Superintendent. She is a graduate nurse and well qualified for the position. Two graduate nurses and other efficient help are employed. Each patient has her own doctor. Mrs. Lona L. Heiner second counselor in the Relief Society assists in the purchasing and keeping the books, the ward Relief Societies, the stake presidency with Henry D. Moyle as president and members of the stake are interested in making the hospital a success.

Since its opening there have been 1378 babies born in the hospital. Such good care has been taken of them that the death rate has been very low.

Notes to the Field

Suggestions to Visiting Teacher Class Leaders

THE greatest peril in the world today is the lack of spirituality. Devout Christians everywhere are recognizing the need of a reaction toward religion. They feel the urgent necessity of spiritual leadership to guide them through the wilderness of modern unbelief.

Latter-day Saints must be spiritual. Our Gospel is the "glad tidings"—the light —for which the world is groping, but cannot see. We have the opportunity, and it is our duty to be the great spiritual force on earth. To be worthy of the name we have assumed we must be untiring in our vigilance to perfect the world and prepare the way for our Master and herald His second coming.

The women of the Church have a large share of the responsibility in this work. This is especially true of the Relief Society visiting teacher. Her work may seem humble, but it is vital. To her is given the important privilege of entering into the joy and success, the sorrow and distress of those upon whom she calls in the intimate relation of the family circle. She has the opportunity to share their happiness and relieve their suffering. The teacher has power and influence because she has the rare chance to translate precept into action.

Kindly, sympathetic understanding—that quality commonly called tact—is a necessary attribute of the teacher. Special education is required in many phases of our work, but with the teacher the important thing is love. The ability to radiate peace and good cheer is the most needful qualification. The nature of the visit of the teacher invites the confidence of others and entitles her to that confidence. If she has the spirit of Christ people will naturally confide in her, and by that same token she will keep the trust sacred. Jesus loved mankind better than He loved Himself. All He has asked of us is to love others as much as we love ourselves. If we did that think what it would mean! We would be considerate of the feelings of others. We would be happy in their success and advancement. We would hide their weaknesses and faults. We would guard their unhappy secrets as we would our own if placed in similar circumstances. We would observe the Golden Rule. We would keep the second great commandment—we would love our neighbor as ourself.

THERE are two warring forces in human nature, Hatred and Love. Hate is jealousy, fault-finding, bitterness, gossiping, self-aggrandizement. Love is kindness, sympathy, generosity, tolerance, patience. Hate destroys. Love builds and strengthens. Hate is the spirit of Evil. Love is the spirit of God. Every word, deed, or thought that is unworthy of Jesus is destructive. Love is the only force that can defeat hate. To interpret fully the meaning of the work of our Lord it is necessary to accept the rules of conduct by which He lived.

Jesus, being a God had all intelligence and power. Yet, according to all the records of His life, these are not the attributes which He stresses. His outstanding characteristics in the flesh are sympathy, humility, love. A devout and constant study of His life, cannot but make one accept love as the guiding force of one's existence. If every teacher will think of herself as an ambassador of Christ, carrying the message of His sacrifice, His kindness,

His forgiveness, and His understanding she will appreciate the sacredness of her calling. She will rejoice that she has been called to do so great a work.

It is this thought that suggested the precepts of Jesus as desirable texts for the teachers' topics during the coming year. To carry out this idea in the most successful way it will be necessary for the teachers to make a devoted and somewhat comprehensive study of His life.

IT is the desire of the General Board that the teachers use the topic in their monthly visit, even though opportunity does not permit of an elaboration of the idea; that the text at least be left in every home.

We suggest that the teachers put into effect the admonition of the Savior to His disciples: "And into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, 'Peace be to this house'." Luke 10:5. It may not be possible nor appropriate to speak the words aloud, but if the thought is sufficiently potent it will affect the atmosphere of the home. We ask you to accept this as the watchword of the Relief Society Visiting Teachers.

We beg you to urge the teachers to read a few chapters of the New Testament every day, that they may come to know and love our Savior more tenderly; that they may pray constantly for inspiration in their work; that they may feel His divine presence as they enter every home; that they may carry with them and leave behind them His spirit of comfort and cheer.

We entreat you, sisters, to strive earnestly to make the life of Jesus our Redeemer become a tender, vital, moving force in the lives of those with whom you labor.

We pray that the work of the teachers may be blessed, that the mission of the Latter-day Saints may soon be consummated, and the world be made ready for the coming of our Master and our Lord.

Our First Obligation

While we should support the bishops and do all in our power to aid in building meeting houses and chapels, we hear of some Relief Societies who become so interested in raising money for ward buildings that they neglect their charity work, which is their first obligation. One Relief Society that proudly boasted of raising several thousand dollars for the meeting house has no charity fund whatever, and the charity work in that ward is reported in a very much neglected condition. Let us learn to put first things first.

Tree Planting

We would like each Stake to send in to the General Secretary the number of trees they have planted this spring.

Cooperate With State Board of Health

It is estimated that 10,000 of the 16,000 mothers who died in 1930 from conditions attendant upon childbirth could have been spared had they received proper attention. It is estimated that 30,000 babies died in the United States in 1930 from preventable causes. The Relief Society is desirous of doing all in its power to decrease this distressing mortality.

Relief Society presidents in Utah should get in touch with Dr. T. B. Beatty, State Health Commissioner, State Capitol, Salt Lake City, and have literature which he has for free distribution sent to expectant mothers on the care of the mother and the care of the baby. We presume that other State Boards of Health have similar literature for distribution.

Notes from the Field

Swedish Mission:

THE office is in receipt of a most interesting history of the Swedish Mission Relief Societies. In the beginning of the year 1930, instructions were sent by Sister Leah D. Widtsoe, president of the European Mission Relief Societies, that an historical record was to be kept of the Relief Society work accomplished in the Swedish Mission, the history to begin on January 1, 1930. It includes the happenings of the different events of historical value. Month by month these happenings were recorded in a specially bound book, to be kept for all future reference. This record shows that fifteen Relief Societies were organized in the Swedish Mission, named after the places where the branch organization exists. The plan of organization followed was in harmony with that of the Relief Society, viz., a president, two counselors, a secretary-treasurer, an organist and chorister, a class leader, also the necessary district teachers, and a regular roll of the various members. In some few cases the organization was not quite complete, due to lack of members, but a uniform history and record book will be kept in the mission. Sister Signe L. Hulterstrom, has presided over the Swedish Mission Relief Society, since arriving in the mission on November 28, 1927. The meetings held in the mission have followed the general plan, with a uniform lesson course just as far as it is possible.

On March 17, 1930, a special program was given in commemoration of the organization of the Relief Society in the year 1842. Reports were received from the branches of the mission that a most wonderful time was experienced during the exercises of this special event. Several inspiring talks were given, and fine songs and music appropriate to the occasion were rendered.

Everything the Relief Society sisters have done during the year 1930, was with the centennial thought in view. In honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the Church, the sisters took an active part in the different programs, and rendered all the assistance possible to the brethren. They decorated the halls, prepared food and refreshments, and contributed much towards the success of the centennial meetings.

The Spring Jubilee Conferences were held on the different Sundays in the five districts of the mission, these in addition to the regular Relief Society meetings. Upon these special occasions pageants were presented, dialogues were given, and other special numbers rendered. The attendance was unusually good. On April 6, a special branch conference was held in every branch in the mission. At these conferences the special message from the First Presidency of the Church was read. The Relief Society sisters were active in all of these programs.

One day of particular interest was the celebration on the 24th of July. This in far away Sweden, gave a touch of home to the missionaries, and the meetings were held with special commemorative exercises.

In all of this, it is felt that the Relief Society is a wonderful aid to the mission branches. Bazaars have been held, much actual charity work has been done, and everybody was

cheered up by the sisters at the time of their meetings and in their special visits.

Northwestern States Mission (Dillon Branch):

THE above picture is of a cast "The Dillon Sewing Circle," which was presented along with a musical program, following a banquet, to which 80 guests were invited. This was in honor of the 89th anniversary of the founding of the Relief Society. The Dillon branch in the Northwestern States mission is a small one, but a steady growth is marked, and with the spirit of willingness to serve, and capable members, the organization is carried on most successfully. There is an enrolled membership of 17.

"THE DILLON SEWING CIRCLE"

Northwestern States Mission (Seattle Branch):

ON Sunday, March 15, the Seattle, Washington, Relief Society of the Northwestern States Mission, presented a program in commemoration of the Relief Society anniversary. A brief review of the history and development of the organization was given by the president of the Society. The Literary Department was represented by a dramatization of Oscar Wilde's story "The Selfish Giant," fifteen children of the Primary Asociation assisting. Social welfare work was demonstrated by a welfare scene. A local doctor, assisted by a nurse, attended a sick child, and a Relief Society welfare worker delivered food and clothing for the mother and her three children. The Theology department took its theme from a poem by Ellen L. Jakeman, which appeared in the March 1928 *Relief Society Magazine*, "This is the Day (A Plea to the Lamanite Sisters)." Eight sisters dressed in Indian costumes were in the background seated around a camp fire in front of a tepee. A mixed quartette sang, "Oh Stop and Tell Me Red Man," and a Lamanite sister responded, giving the "Response of the Lamanite Sisters," by S. T. Brimhall Foley, which appeared in the February 1931 *Magazine*. In this scene the

Lamanite sisters came forward, leaving their blankets and now wearing brightly colored dresses and shoes, seated themselves at the front of the stage. The last scene represented Eliza R. Snow composing the hymn, "O My Father." Accompanying this scene was soft violin and piano music. The portrayal of the composition of this beautiful hymn was inspired by the study of past literary lessons of the Church hymns and composers. The Branch choir and an organ soloist furnished appropriate music during the program.

Eastern States Mission (Washington, D. C. Branch):

ON February 28, 1931, in Washington, D. C., the Washington branch of the Relief Society celebrated its fifth birthday by a most successful reception at the home of Senator and Mrs. Reed Smoot. In the receiving line, and those who assisted in serving during the evening, were Relief Society officers, past presidents and charter members of the organization. Wonderful music, both vocal and instrumental, added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. There were over 200 guests at this happy event. A large birthday cake, made by Sister V. B. Isbel, was in reality a collection box for voluntary contributions. Donations ranged from $10.00 to a few cents, and the total amound raised was $115.00. The expense of the event was comparatively small. The following picture is of the birthlay cake.

Central States Mission (Independence Branch):

THE secretary of the Independence Branch of the Central States Mission, writes as follows: "Our branch is not so very large, only numbering about 30. Of these there are not so many who can attend our meetings, but the sisters who do come are very energetic, and are able to do a lot of work. We serve dinners at our conferences twice a year, and make our money to pay the expenses of the Society, and to care for the sick. The Society is diligent in looking after the needy. So far

SISTER V. B. ISHBEL

holding the Cake used as a Constitution Box

this year we have already paid out about $60.00 to the poor. That is a large sum considering the few people who are here engaged. We hold our meetings regularly each Tuesday. The second Tuesday we meet early, and serve a covered dish luncheon, then quilt for the remainder of the day. We intend to carry this part of our work on all during the summer."

"On March 13th, we had an entertainment, when we presented the beautiful pageant "The Guardianship of Life." This was under the direction of Sister Vesa C. Marler. There was a good attendance, and we were able, with the returns from this, to entertain our members and their escorts at our banquet on March 17th. Upon this event we had a wonderful program and a very fine dinner, and entertained about 65 guests. The program included a poem written by our own sister Isabelle Ireland, also a song written by her which was appropriate to the occasion.

"We are very fortunate here in Independence, to have with us most of the year, our dear Sister Charlotte T. Bennion, who is president of the Relief Societies of the Central States Mission. We appreciate greatly her words of encouragement and guidance."

—Pictorial California, All Year Club Photo.

Straining trees, their roots buried deep in the rich beach soil, defy the wind and rain near the Palos Verdes Hills of California. The grasses along the roadway bow their heads before the wind, but the trees, heads erect and branches held up to the breezes defy the elements. They have sturdy, strong arms.

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VOL. XVIII JULY, 1931 No. 7

EDITORIAL

Length of Days

LIFE in all its phases is a source of constant study and interest. Lengthening the span of life as been a quest of the ages for men ong for length of days. The Amer-can Philosophical Society had for onsideration at its meeting in April, Lengthening the Span of Life." ee K. Frankel, in discussing the ubject of life expectancy, said that 40 years ago the same subject was id before the Philosophical Society n a paper entitled, "Probabilities of ne Duration of Human Life and ne Progress of Population in the Jnited States." In that paper the riter gave statistics and carried a omparison through youth and mid-le age. He pointed out that of 000 persons born in Philadelphia, 00 were alive at twenty years, 140 t fifty, and 6 at eighty, while in ondon only 272 survived to twenty years, 140 to the age of fifty, and 2 to the fourscore rank. Mr. Frank-el said that at the present time of every 1000 persons born under the protection of modern medical and sanitary science, 836 are alive at twenty, 657 at fifty, and 133 at eighty. From 1790 to 1890, eight years were added to the average length of life in this country. By 1930 the eight years had been in-creased to twenty-four, so life ex-pectancy is nearly twenty-five years greater than it was when the Amer-ican Philosophical Society first dis-cussed the subject. However, Mr. Frankel doubts if any considerable addition will be made to the span of life itself. He says that while fewer people die in the earlier years, he feels that the human machine is set to run just so long and then runs down. He says the talk of extend-

ing the average life period into the hundreds is not encouraged by actuaries or medical science in general. Mr. Frankel points out that the desirable thing is for a normal life unimpaired by illness, and then the great finale, "as one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."—*Bryant.*

A dramatic and interesting event during the meeting of the Society and especially in the light of the discussions participated in, was the death of its president, Dr. Dercum, for he illustrated the kind of a death Mr. Frankel had pointed out as desirable. Dr. Dercum had been one of Woodrow Wilson's physicians. At the opening of the Society, he faced a room well filled with distinguished scientists who had gathered for the annual meeting. He sat in the high backed "step ladder chair"* of Benjamin Franklin, who founded this oldest scientific body in the United States. Dr. Dercum knew that he faced death for he had suffered with a weak heart and had to be carried into the building. His friends thought that his great interest in presiding at this meeting, the seventh year of his presidency, had held death at bay for some time. He was about to pick up the gavel; he leaned slightly forward as if to study the papers on his desk, and then sank quietly into an attitude of rest in his chair. Death came at that moment, but the audience thought he had fainted. The doctor who was called said "his death was as easy and painless as this"—and he placed his finger tips on a friend's coat lapel and pressed it lightly. While he was working happily, his heart stopped." Professor William Berryman Scott of Princeton University took the chair and said, "Dr. Dercum is dead. The meeting will proceed as scheduled. He would have wished it so."

In the future man can hope to look forward to an average of seventy or even of one hundred years; but the important thing is not length of days but better health right up to the end—a century of unimpaired usefulness and then death approximating Bryant's quotation. This is the consummation to be desired in the opinion of Mr. Frankel.

*The "step ladder" has a folding arm contrived by Franklin for use in climbing for books on high library shelves.

June Conferences

WE congratulate the Mutual Improvement and the Primary Associations for the excellence of their conferences, held June 11 to 14 and June 12 to 16 respectively. The programs were carefully planned and effectively carried out and gave invaluable training to their officers. The attendance was large. The Primary had representatives from each of the 104 stakes in the Church and from some of the missions; and the conjoint roll call of the Mutual Improvement Associations showed representation from every stake but one, and from several missions.

THE Word of Wisdom exhibit sponsored by the General Boards of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations was a most effective way of showing that science and experience and men's best thought approve of God's advice to his people

as contained in the Word of Wisdom. No slogan was ever launched more effectively than the one chosen for this year, "We stand for physical, mental and spiritual health through observance of the Word of Wisdom." Thousands visited the exhibit and showed the greatest interest and certainly great good will result from this scientific and philosophical display. Another special feature of the June conference was the Pioneer Trails program. In living picture and in story the coming of different bands to the West was portrayed and eulogy of their character and accomplishments was voiced.

THE three-fold purpose of the Primary Association—religious instruction, leisure time direction, and care of the health—was considered during the five-day convention of this organization. Great emphasis was placed upon how to teach children, and many education specialists appeared on the program. As an aid in recreational leadership, morning and evening classes in dancing and dramatization were held on four days of the convention; while the closing session, featuring health and the Word of Wisdown, was characterized by a playlet. An outstanding feature of the convention was the sacred pageant, "The Light and the Life of the World," presented at the Tabernacle on Sunday morning by Primary children as an expression of their religious instruction.

Dean Milton Bennion Honored

AT the June commencement program of the University of Utah, the honorary degree of Doctor of Education was conferred upon Dean Milton Bennion of the School of Education of the University of Utah. He is a member of the General Board of the Sunday School, and the husband of our own board member, Cora L. Bennion. He has ever been ready ot help us in our Relief Society work, and we rejoice in the well deserved honor that has come to him.

He has been and will continue to be a credit to his alma mater. Not only is his work on character education known in the intermountain West but throughout the United States he is recognized as a leader in this important field.

Where are Your California Friends and Relatives?

LOS ANGELES, San Francisco and Hollywood Stakes and the California Mission are undertaking the tremendous task of "accounting for every Latter-day Saint" within the territories served by each of these divisions respectively.

Because of the great extent of the territory and the millions of people living in it, it is well nigh impossible to make the canvas in the way it is being made in the more compactly organized stakes.

For this reason the California Saints appeal to their brethren and sisters in all other parts of the world and especially in the organized stakes to assist in locating Latter-day Saints and friends of Latter-day

Saints living anywhere in California.

On the form below give the names and addresses and mail to one or the other of the Stake Clerks named on the form. Aim to give the latest authentic address you have so as to save as much time as possible in locating the persons named.

It would be highly desirable if you would write to your California friends giving them the addresses of these stake clerks and suggesting that they communicate with the clerks and learn where Latter-day Saint chapels are situated so they might attend services regularly. In these California congregations your friends will enjoy the fellowship of a host of happy, whole-souled people who are earnest and active in the Church and full of faith and inspiration.

John S. McCune
Clerk Hollywood Stake
1209 South Manhattan Place
Los Angeles, Calif.

Reed S. Gardner
Clerk San Francisco Stake
440 Boynton Avenue
Berkeley, Calif.

Octave Ursenbach
Clerk Los Angeles Stake
1005 Wright-Callendar Bldg.
Los Angeles, Calif.

(Select one of these to send names and addresses to.)

I am happy to give you the names and addresses of the following Latter-day Saints and friends who live in California:

Name	Street Address	Town	L. D. S. or Friend?

Back to School

WALTER L. CHURCH, 83 years old, a resident of Long Beach, California, a retired attorney and educator, expects to re-enter the University of Missouri next fall after an absence of more than sixty years. In 1867 he received from the university a Bachelor of Arts degree, and in 1870 a Master of Arts degree. He also holds degrees from Washington University at St. Louis and from the University of Kentucky. He plans to specialize in sociology and education.

Verily, it is never too late to learn.

Allegiance

By Celia Stoddard

You have your beauty, desert,
Gray dune upon gray dune,
And space enough to think wide thoughts
Beneath the low red moon.

And there be those who love you,
And think your wastes more fine
Than green spires of tamarack
Or bronze shaft of pine,

Or blue lakes shining silver,
Or clean smell of wood.
And I could love you, deseret,
Save these are in my blood.

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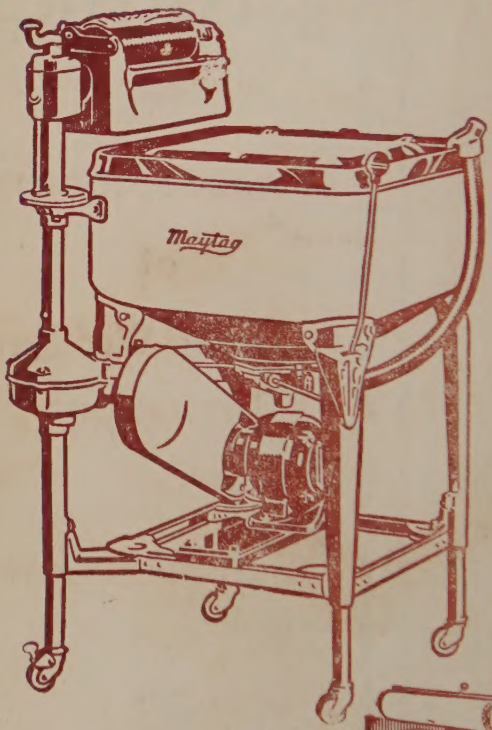

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